

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXVI. }

No. 2467.—October 10, 1891.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXOL.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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A LEGEND OF TYRONE.

(The first and last stanzas are omitted.)

CROUCHED round a bare hearth in hard,
frosty weather,
Three lone helpless weans cling closely to-
gether;
Tangled those gold locks once bonnie and
bright,
There's no one to fondle the baby to-night.

"My mammie I want; oh! my mammie I
want!"
The big tears stream down with a low wailing
chaunt.
Sweet Eily's slight arms enfold the gold head;
"Poor weeny Willie, sure mammie is dead."

"And daddie is crazy from drinking all day,
Come down, holy angels, and take us away!"
Eily and Eddie kept kissing and crying —
Outside, the weird winds are sobbing and
sighing.

All in a moment the children are still,
Only a quick coo of gladness from Will.
The sheeling no longer seems empty or bare,
For, clothed in soft raiment, the mother
stands there.

They gather around her, they cling to her
dress;
She rains down soft kisses for each shy
caress;
Her light, loving touches, smooth out tangled
locks,
And pressed to her bosom the baby she rocks.

He lies in his cot, there's a fire on the hearth;
To Eily and Eddie 'tis heaven upon earth,
For mother's deft fingers have been every-
where,
She lulls them to rest in the low *suggan*
chair.

They gaze open-eyed, then the eyes gently
close,
As petals fold into the heart of a rose,
But ope soon again in awe, love, but not fear,
And fondly they murmur, "Our mammie is
here."

She lays them down softly, she wraps them
around,
They lie in sweet slumbers, she starts at a
sound!
The cock loudly crows, and the spirit's
away —

The drunkard steals in at the dawning of day.
ELLEN O'LEARY.

"A BLANK, MY LORD."

"We met (like others) in a crowd" —
A very unromantic meeting!
Yet Fate to us has ne'er allowed
A warmer greeting.

For you were poor, you will allow,
And I was not, that bright September
When first we met. (I wonder now
If you remember.)

In Fashion's chains you saw me led,
And so it never struck you clearly
That it could come into my head
To love you dearly.

'Twas not your fault, I must admit:
You simply worshipped from a distance,
And I could take no note of it
Without assistance.

And thus we drifted far apart,
Not bound by e'en the frailest fetter;
Yet yours completely was my heart
For worse or better.

So owing to your fatal pride,
And owing to my foolish shyness,
The love, you never knew of, died
For ever.

FINIS.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.
Speaker.

POOR BEELZEBUB!

SIR RANDAL had a scolding wife,
A regular Xantippe,
Who led him such an awful life,
No wonder he was hippy.
But as he did not wish to be
The butt of all the city,
He hid his feelings skilfully
In this dissembling ditty: —
"Oh, what were man without a wife?
Mine is the blessing of my life!"

Beelzebub was passing near,
O'erheard his fond laudation,
Quoth he, "A wife, so sweet and dear,
Would be a consolation!"
And so he stole Sir Randal's wife
By temptings sharp and shady,
As Mother Eve he did deceive,
So he deceived My Lady!
For women still (ay — there's the rub!)
Will listen to Beelzebub.

When she was gone, of course, you know,
It made a dreadful scandal;
The neighbors said, "We told you so!"
And pitied "poor Sir Randal!"
Sir Randal only winked his eye
(Appropriate solution!)
"My friends," quoth he, "I shall not try
The Courts for 'restitution,'
For though I have to cook and scrub,
I pity poor Beelzebub!"

Temple Bar. FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

From The Contemporary Review.
ST. PAUL AND THE ROMAN LAW.
BY W. E. BALL, LL.D.

IN these days theology is not popular. Even the clergy find it well to conceal rather than to parade their proficiency in the branch of learning of which they are supposed to be professors. To preach theology is very soon to preach to empty pews. Yet in past ages this study has excited the keenest popular interest. What has occasioned the change? Is it that the development of theology as a living science has been arrested; and that the language in which it is taught has become classical—but dead? For in spite of the boasted test of orthodoxy, *quod semper quod ubique quod ab omnibus*, theology in former ages *has* developed, or at least has changed. Theology may be said to be religious truth presented in philosophic form. But in what philosophic form? Or rather, in the form of what philosophy? Living theologies have been clothed in the language and permeated with the spirit of living philosophies. The philosophy of a past age will not serve as a vehicle for the theology of this. If the theology preached and taught to-day be preached and taught in terms of the philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it may be orthodox, but it cannot be popular. The possibility of a revival of lay interest in theology has been demonstrated quite lately. Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" excited much hostile criticism, but it was read not only by ministers of religion, but also by the multitude. The reason is obvious. Whatever may be thought of the author's conclusions, his language is that of the current philosophy. He brings theology forth from the tomb of dead controversies, and divests it of the shroud of obsolete definition. The reanimated form may not be vigorous; but at least it is reanimated, and it breathes the atmosphere of modern thought.

It is sometimes asserted—and the assertion marks the hatred and contempt into which theology has fallen—that the Bible contains no theology. But this is surely wide of the fact. The Gospels, indeed, contain the statement of religious

truth rather than reasoning concerning it. But the Epistles of St. Paul are theological treatises. They consist largely of abstract argument; they formulate with more or less distinctness a system of divine metaphysics. St. Paul was, indeed, the chief formulator of Christian doctrine; and it is a part of the object of the present article to show that, like all other popular theologians, he clothed his conceptions of religion in the language of contemporary philosophy.

St. Paul became the formulator of Christian doctrine because he was the interpreter of the Gospel to the gentile nations. The conversion of the Hebrews involved the task of harmonizing the superstructure of Christianity with the ancient foundations of Mosaic law. But in the case of the gentiles the foundations were lacking, and it was necessary to enunciate a complete theory of natural and revealed religious truth. Without St. Paul, or some one like him imbued with gentile culture, the Christian religion could hardly have extended itself beyond Palestine. He afforded a marked contrast to his colleagues in the apostolate in many respects, but most of all in this, that he was a Roman citizen. In his time the citizenship of Rome was much more than a mere social distinction. It was accompanied by incidents which affected every relation of life. In the routine of business, in the making of contracts, in the payment of taxes, in the commonest details of domestic management, in the whole field of litigation, in testamentary dispositions and the succession to inheritances, the Roman citizen was confronted with technical distinctions between his position and that of the Roman subject who had not received the franchise. It was impossible for a man's citizenship to remain an unnoticed element in his daily life. At that period there existed no professional class corresponding to the modern solicitor, for the juriconsults were rather professors of law than lawyers. To the private citizen a knowledge of the law was more than an advantage; it was a necessity.

The Roman people had an innate genius for law. The science of jurisprudence was the only intellectual pursuit in which

they discovered the highest order of excellence. With her fine faculty for assimilating her conquests to herself, Rome spread her passion for the study of law wherever she imposed her yoke. The inhabitants of distant provinces came to rival the Italians themselves as masters of their national science. At no long period after the death of St. Paul, Gaius, who like himself was a native of Asia Minor, became the greatest jurist of the age.

From an intricate mass of technicality there was evolved a philosophy which soon modified, and which was destined to transform, the system in which it originated. Already in the reign of Augustus a school of lawyers had arisen whose genius and enlightenment gave no uncertain promise of that meridian brilliance of jurisprudence which illuminated the epoch of the Antonines. The Augustan age of literature gave birth to the Augustan age of law.

Judea, although conquered by Rome, was never Romanized. It was occupied by Roman soldiery and governed by Roman officials; but it was never colonized by Roman citizens or subjected to Roman law. It was otherwise generally throughout the Roman world; and it is not until we call to mind how closely the Roman law affected the daily life of the great mass of the subjects of the empire, and how deeply the study of Roman jurisprudence imbued their minds and colored their ideas, that we obtain an adequate sense of the forcefulness of many of St. Paul's allusions, or duly appreciate the appropriateness of some of his lines of argument to the spirit of the age in which he lived, or discern that some of the doctrines of the faith have assumed the form in which they have come down to us from the accident — if in such a connection we may speak of accidents — of the apostle's status and education.

Of all distinctively Pauline phraseology, perhaps the metaphor which enshrines the most important truths, and which has become most thoroughly incorporated in the language at once of theology and devotion, is that of adoption. The word has become so far naturalized in the vocabulary of religion that we hardly recognize it as a met-

aphor at all. Adoption, as we know it in English life, is a comparatively rare social incident. It has no place in our laws, and can scarcely be said to have any definite place in our customs. Among the Jews adoption was hardly even a social incident, and in a juridic sense it was absolutely unknown. The family records of the chosen people were kept with scrupulous care in order that the lineage of the deliverer might be identified. Fictitious kinship could manifestly find no recognition in Hebrew genealogies. Amongst the Romans, however, adoption was a familiar social phenomenon, and much more. Its initial ceremonies and incidents occupied a large and important place in their law.

By adoption under the Roman law an entire stranger in blood became a member of the family into which he was adopted exactly as if he had been born into it. He became a member of the family in a higher sense than some who had the family blood in their veins, than emancipated sons, or descendants through females. He assumed the family name, partook in its mystic sacrificial rites, and became, not on sufferance or at will, but to all intents and purposes, a member of the house of his adopter; nor could the tie thus formed be broken save through the ceremony of emancipation. Adoption was what is called in law a *capitis deminutio*, which so far extinguished the pre-existing personality of the person who underwent it that during many centuries it operated as an extinction of his debts.* But the most striking illustration of the manner in which the law regarded relationship by adoption is to be seen in the fact that it constituted as complete a bar to intermarriage as relationship by blood.

St. Paul is the only one of the sacred writers who makes use of the metaphor of adoption. Nor is it the word only which is peculiar to him, but also the idea. This metaphor was his translation into the language of gentile thought of Christ's great doctrine of the new birth. "Except a man be born again he cannot see

* This would only apply when the person adopted (or arrogated, as the phrase would be in this case) was *sui juris*. If not *sui juris*, he could in strict law have no debts.

the kingdom of God;" this was the most vital, and at the same time the most difficult, teaching of the Messiah; this was the doctrine of spiritual initiation into that spiritual kingdom which Christ came to found. St. Paul exchanges the physical metaphor of regeneration for the legal metaphor of adoption. The adopted person became in the eye of the law a new creature. He was born again into a new family. By the aid of this figure the gentile convert was enabled to realize in a vivid manner the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of the faithful, the obliteration of past penalties, the right to the mystic inheritance. He was enabled to realize that upon this spiritual act "old things passed away and all things became new." St. Paul's use of the metaphor of adoption has, no doubt, exercised a profound influence upon the form of dogma. It is intimately connected with the doctrine of assurance. This doctrine is principally founded upon Rom. viii. 14-16. In this passage, as elsewhere, the Third Person in the Trinity is represented in the character of a witness. The reference is to the legal ceremony of adoption. The common form of adoption was singularly dramatic. It consisted of the ancient and venerated ceremonial conveyance "with the scales and brass," followed by a fictitious law-suit. The proceedings took place in the presence of seven witnesses. The fictitious sale and re-sale, and the final "vindication" or claim, were accompanied by the utterance of legal formulæ. Upon the words used depended whether the ceremony amounted to the sale of a son into slavery or his adoption into a new family. The touch of the *festuca* or ceremonial wand might be accompanied by the formula, "I claim this man as my son," or it might be accompanied by the formula, "I claim this man as my slave." The *form* of sale into bondage was almost indistinguishable from the *form* of adoption. It was the spirit which was different. It was the function of the witnesses to testify that the transaction was in truth the adoption of a child. The adopter it may be supposed has died; the adopted son claims the inheritance; but his claim is disputed and his status as son is denied.

Litigation ensues. "After the ceremony with the scales and brass," declares the plaintiff, "the deceased claimed me by the name of son. He took me to his home. I called him father and he allowed it. It is true I served him; but it was not the service of a slave, but of a child. I sat at his table, where the slaves never sat. He told me the inheritance was mine." But the law requires corroborative evidence. One of the seven witnesses is called. "I was present," he says, "at the ceremony. It was I who held the scales and struck them with the ingot of brass. The transaction was not a sale into slavery. It was an adoption. I heard the words of the vindication, and I say this person was claimed by the deceased not as a slave, but as a son."

"Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs."

This text is sometimes quoted as though the witness of the Divine Spirit were addressed to the human spirit. A glance at the original Greek is sufficient to show that what is referred to is a coincidence of testimony, the joint witness of the Holy Ghost and the soul of the believer to the same spiritual fact.

St. Paul's other references to adoption are equally interesting and equally incapable of explanation except by reference to the Roman law. They are found in passages which abound in legal phraseology, and require for their elucidation an acquaintance with the incidents not only of adoption, but also of heirship and slavery.

In one celebrated passage St. Paul seems to substitute the idea of the new birth for that of adoption in stating the basis of the believer's "heirship." In Titus iii. 5, "washing of regeneration" is said to be "poured out upon us," that we "might be made heirs." This text seems to show clearly the identity of the spiritual facts described under the names of adoption and regeneration. It is also interesting as affording the chief foundation for the doctrine of baptismal regeneration.

It is certain that this doctrine has very early patristic authority in its favor. In the office of baptism there is one portion of great antiquity, which may perhaps owe its form to the belief of early Christianity upon this point. No one can say with any degree of certainty whether the signature with the cross is a genuinely primitive practice; but there is no doubt that it is a very ancient practice. This symbolic act, accompanied by the words, "We receive this child (or person) into the congregation of Christ's flock," bears a striking resemblance to the vindication, or claim, with the *festuca* in the ceremony of adoption. If it be true that adoption was the rendering into the vernacular of gentile thought of the doctrine of regeneration, and if regeneration was understood to result from, or at least to be coincident with, baptism, it would not be unnatural that something of the symbolism of secular adoption should be imported into the first liturgical services into which the simple rite of immersion or aspersion was expanded.

In this connection it is interesting to observe that there is another portion of the office of baptism which bears clearly discernible traces of the influence of Roman jurisprudence. That part of the baptismal service which assumes the form of a covenant seems certainly to have been framed upon the pattern of the venerable species of Roman contract known as the *stipulatio*. In the English service the part referred to consists of four covenantal questions and responses, beginning with "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works?" The second question consists of the creed put in an interrogative form. In the most ancient liturgies each article of the creed is placed in a separate interrogatory with a separate response. The third question and answer taken together constitute the acceptance of baptism in "this faith." The fourth question and answer taken together constitute the vow of obedience to the commandments of God. Here it is to be observed that the person exacting the several undertakings is the person who, so to speak, puts them into shape; he summarizes them in the form of interrogations. The person undertaking the several obligations expresses his assent in a short answer. In the first, second, and fourth answers he does so in the very word in which the question is put to him. The engagement, so to speak, is looked upon from the point of view of the promisee, and not from that of the promisor. These were the characteristics, as every student of Roman law

is aware, of the *stipulatio*, an extremely ancient form of contract to which, although made by word of mouth, there attached much of the peculiar efficacy which in our law attaches to contracts made by deed. But the derivation of this portion of the baptismal office does not depend merely upon analogy of form. The formal question of the *stipulatio* originally might only be put and answered by the use of the words, *spondes — spondeo*. Hence the person making the promise was called the *sponsor*, just as the person exacting it was called the *stipulator*. The word *sponsor* figures prominently in the office of baptism of infants. The name has been taken to imply suretyship, and is referred to as bearing that meaning in the "post-baptismal" service (which, however, dates only from the year 1552). It is true that the word *sponsor* was frequently used to signify a surety, from the circumstance that the contract of suretyship was often made by means of the *stipulatio*. But in the office of baptism the god-parents do not undertake any contract of suretyship. The name *sponsor* was, no doubt, originally applied from the circumstance that the person so designated was the person who in fact made the formal *sponsiones* in response to the successive *stipulationes* of the baptist. The *sponsor*, in short, was the person who "answered for" the infant in the sense of answering *instead of* him, and not in the sense of answering *in his default*. The adult was of course his own *sponsor*, inasmuch as he made his own responses.

The derivation of the covenantal questions and answers from the Roman *stipulatio* throws an interesting light upon a passage in the first Epistle of St. Peter. In the Greek language, which was spoken by a large part of the subjects of the Roman Empire the contract of *stipulatio* was known by the name of *eperôtesis* or *eperôtema*, the latter form of the word by one of those transitions of signification so common in Greek came to mean, also, the promise or undertaking made by means of the *stipulatio*. In the very earliest patristic writings, the plural *eperôtemata* is habitually employed to describe the promises or vows made in response to the questions of the baptismal service. These *eperôtemata* comprised, as has been seen, the declarations of assent to the various articles of the creed. Indeed, it is from the early offices of baptism that what is traditionally known as the Apostles' Creed has been compiled — that is to say, we find it in no earlier documents, and in no

earlier form. The passage in 1 Peter iii. 20-21 reads as follows: "The long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is eight, souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, *but the answer of a good conscience*), by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." The word here translated "answer" is *eperôtēma*, a word nowhere else used in the New Testament, and the equivalent, as has been seen of the Latin *stipulatio*. The apostle's meaning is plain. It is not the rite of baptism in itself which saves, but the sincere declaration of faith and promise of obedience. The obscurity of the text vanishes, and we are incidentally afforded strong evidence of the influence of Roman law upon the form of the baptismal ceremony, as well as an indirect testimony that the Apostles' Creed is justly entitled to the name which it traditionally bears.

The metaphor of the spiritual "inheritance" is peculiarly, though not exclusively, Pauline. St. Peter employs it twice, and St. James once, but St. Paul in a multitude of instances; it is closely interwoven with the substance of the longest and most intricate arguments in his epistles; it appears in the reports of his sermons in the Acts of the Apostles; he alone of all sacred writers employs it in what may be described as the most daring of all theological conceptions, that which is embodied in the celebrated definition of believers as "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."

It may be urged that in his use of the metaphor of inheritance St. Paul is merely drawing upon the common stock of illustrations derived from the facts of ordinary life, without reference to any specific legal theories. But such a metaphor cannot be used, nor can its full significance be appreciated, without reference to specific legal theories. Take, for instance, the phrase just quoted. If we were not so thoroughly familiar with the description of the faithful as "heirs of God," would not this expression strike us as peculiarly forced and unhappy? If these words had not been used by St. Paul, would any modern divine have ventured to use them as explanatory of the relation between God and the human soul? To our minds, heirship involves no more than the idea of the acquisition of property by succession, and the idea of succession is manifestly inapplicable with reference to the eternal God. That the heirship to which St. Paul

alludes is Roman and not Hebrew heirship is evident not merely from the accompanying reference to adoption, but also from the fact that it is a joint and equal heirship. In the Hebrew law the rights of primogeniture existed in a modified form, closely resembling the ancient custom of Normandy which still obtains in our own Channel Islands. In Roman law all "unemancipated" children succeeded equally to the property of a deceased father upon his intestacy.

The whole complex and voluminous system of Roman inheritance depends upon a remarkable theory of indissoluble unity between the heir and his ancestor. "The notion was that though the physical person of the deceased had perished, his legal personality survived and descended unimpaired to his heir or co-heirs in whom his identity (so far as the law was concerned) was continued" (Maine's Ancient Law, p. 181). "The testator lived on in his heir, or in the group of his co-heirs. He was in law the same person with them" (*Ib.*, p. 188). "In pure Roman jurisprudence the principle that a man lives on in his heir *the elimination, so to speak, of the fact of death* — is too obviously for mistake the centre round which the whole law of testamentary and intestate succession is circling" (*Ib.*, p. 190). Sir Henry Maine explains this idea by reference to the period when the family, and not the individual, was the "unit of society."

"The prolongation of a man's legal existence in his heir, or in a group of co-heirs, is neither more nor less than a characteristic of the family transferred by a fiction to the individual" (Ancient Law, p. 186). In English law there is a well-known maxim, *Nemo est heres viventis*, but this was no principle of the Roman law. The moment a child was born he was his father's heir. The word *heres* originally means "lord" or proprietor. The namesake of the apostle, Paul the jurist, who lived in the third century after Christ, observes that there is a species of co-partnership in the family property between a father and his children; "when therefore," says he, "the father dies, it is not so correct to say that they succeed to his property, as that they acquire the free control of their own." This inchoate partnership of an unemancipated son in his father's possessions, and his close identification with his person, may be regarded as some set-off against the quasi-servitude of his position under the formidable *patria potestas*.

In the light of the theories of Roman jurisprudence incongruity disappears from this great Pauline metaphor, and we discern in it a new sublimity. Instead of the death of the ancestor being essentially connected with the idea of inheritance, we find this circumstance "eliminated." The heir has not to wait for the moment of his father's decease. In and through his father, he is already a participator in the family possessions. The father does not die, but lives on forever in his family. Physically absent he is spiritually present, not *with* so much as *in* his children. In this phrase, "the heirs of God," there is presented a most vivid view of the intimate and eternal union between the believer and God, and of the faithful soul's possession in present reality, and not merely in anticipation of the kingdom of God on earth and in heaven.

St. Paul's references to spiritual "inheritance" in the Roman sense are frequently rendered more obscure by the introduction of allusions to the Roman *will*. The word *diathēkē*, which in the authorized version is sometimes translated "covenant" and sometimes "testament" or will, occurs thirty-three times in the New Testament. Three of the Evangelists employ the word in their report of our Lord's sacramental declaration, "This is the blood of the new testament." Here, of course, it is no more than the translation into Greek of the original language spoken by Christ. The word also occurs once in the Apocalypse, and with these exceptions it is exclusively used by St. Paul; that is, assuming that he was the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The double meaning of the word *diathēkē* has occasioned both translators and commentators extreme difficulty. This may be seen particularly in the mass of exegetical literature which deals with the famous argument concerning the two covenants or two testaments in the 7th, 8th and 9th chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The principal perplexity of commentators has arisen from the apparent incongruity between a covenant or contract and a testament or will. A will is not a contract, and a contract is not a will, and yet the same word is used for both. Even in the reversed version, although *diathēkē* is translated "covenant" in every other part of the three chapters referred to, from an obvious necessity it is rendered by the word "testament" in Heb. ix. 16, 17. Another perplexity arises from the discussion of the priesthood of Christ, which in these chap-

ters is interwoven with the discussion of the covenants or testaments.

The explanation of these difficulties must be found, if at all, in the Roman law of will-making; and this is a quarter in which apparently the commentators have not looked for assistance.

It need hardly be said that St. Paul, in any metaphor based upon will-making, could only refer to the Roman will. The Romans were the inventors of the will. The Rabbinical will, only admitted in exceptional cases, was unknown before the Roman conquest of Palestine, and was directly based upon the Roman model.

The double meaning of the word *diathēkē* is explained at once when it is remembered that the Roman will was in its origin actually a contract *inter vivos*; and that in the time of St. Paul it retained at least, in general usage, the form of a contract.

Originally the testator *in articulo mortis* sold his estate or "family" to the person whom he wished to be his heir. A nominal price was paid. There were present the scale-holder, who weighed out, or purported to weigh out, the purchase-money, five witnesses to testify to the transaction, and the heir himself, who had the name of *emptor familiae*, or purchaser of the estate. The ceremony in its essential features remained the same in the time of St. Paul and for many centuries later. The praetorian or written will, already employed in the first century, was only an alternative form, and was comparatively little used. But long before the time of St. Paul some important modifications had taken place. The ceremony was not deferred until the last moments of life. It had become rather a contract to deliver than an out-and-out sale. The *emptor familiae* was no longer the heir himself, but the executor or trustee who took the estate subject to the obligation to hand it over to the real beneficiary; and the testator at the time of the fictitious sale gave verbal directions as to the destination of his property. In the position of the *emptor familiae*, at this stage of the development of the will, it is possible that an explanation may be discerned of the description of Christ as the "mediator of a new testament," and the "surety of a better testament."

Viewed in the light of Roman law, it will be found that in the twofold discussion of the priesthood of Christ, and the two "testaments," there is no more real lack of harmony than in the twofold use of the word *diathēkē*. The heir was a hiero-

phant. The institution of will-making itself is supposed to have been due to the extraordinary horror with which the heathen Roman contemplated the neglect at his decease of those obsequies which were the first and most important function of the heir, and which upon the failure of natural heirs must have remained unperformed save for the institution of the testament. But the duty of the heir was not limited to the observance of funeral rites. The death of the head of a family was, as has been pointed out, in a measure ignored. He was supposed to preside in spirit over the destiny of his representatives. His image was retained in the household. It was for the duly constituted heir to keep up the communication, so to speak, between the departed and the survivors. It was for him to propitiate the *manes* of the deceased and to secure his tutelary aid. Ancestor-worship is supposed by some to have been the origin of all religion. The Christian may rather discern in this practice some pathetic reminiscence of a purer primeval faith, and trace in the idea of the godhood of the father some dim survival of the doctrine of the fatherhood of God. The sacerdotal aspect of inheritance only disappeared with the prevalence of Christianity.

The prætorian will has been mentioned as affording already in the time of St. Paul an alternative to the more ordinary or mancipatory will. In the prætorian will the ceremony with the scales was dispensed with; the testator's directions instead of being verbally delivered were reduced to writing, and fastened up by the seals of seven witnesses. The seven witnesses represented the five witnesses of the older form, together with the scale-holder and emptor *familiæ*. The seals served the double purpose of securing secrecy and providing a means of authentication. This species of will was the first and only instrument known to the Roman law which required sealing. More than that: "This was the first appearance of sealing in the history of jurisprudence, considered as a mode of authentication" (Maine's *Ancient Law*, p. 210). There is probably a reference to the prætorian will in Ephesians i. 13-14: "In whom having also believed ye were sealed with the Holy Ghost of promise, which is an earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession to the praise of his glory." As translated it is difficult, if not impossible, to assign any precise meaning to this passage. It should rather be rendered, "In whom having also

believed ye were sealed with the *Holy Spirit of testimony*, which is an earnest of our inheritance *until the ransoming accomplished by the act of taking possession (of the inheritance)* to the praise of his glory." Here, as elsewhere, the Holy Spirit is referred to as a witness. It is his seal which authenticates the new testament, by which we obtain the inheritance. The spiritual inheritance, as in other passages, is referred to by St. Paul as succeeding upon a state of bondage. When a slave was appointed heir, although expressly emancipated by the will which gave him the inheritance, his freedom commenced not immediately upon the making of the will, but from the moment when he entered into the inheritance. This is the "ransoming accomplished by the act of taking possession." In the last words of the passage, "to the praise of his glory," an allusion may be found to a well-known Roman custom. The emancipated slaves who attended the funeral of their emancipator were the praise of his glory. Testamentary emancipation was so fashionable a form of posthumous ostentation, the desire to be followed to the grave by a crowd of freedmen wearing the "cap of liberty" was so strong, that very shortly before the time when St. Paul wrote, the legislature expressly limited the number of slaves that an owner might manumit by will.

There is one passage in the writings of St. Paul which relates to the law of guardianship in connection with the law of inheritance, and which possesses some points of peculiar interest. "The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant (R.V., bond-servant), though he is lord of all, but is under tutors and governors (R.V., guardians and stewards) until the time appointed by the father." This passage refers to the guardianship of orphans under an age which for practical purposes may be stated as fourteen. The expression "until the time appointed by the father" would be better rendered "until the time of the father's appointing" — *i.e.*, the period over which the father's power of appointing a guardian extended. This period was arbitrarily fixed, and could not be extended by the father's testamentary directions. The "guardian" was the *tutor* of Roman law — that is, the protector of his person and estate. The "steward" was the slave of the *tutor*, appointed by him when necessary as a bailiff to manage some distant portion of the infant's property. Tutelage was a device for artificially prolonging the *patria potestas* notwith-

standing the decease of the father. The text has sometimes been regarded as applying to a child whose father was living. But this is obviously an error. The *filius familias*, so long as he remained a *filius familias* — that is, so long as his father lived — was not less in the condition of a bond-servant at forty than at fourteen.

The chapter commencing with the passage which has been quoted, and the chapter preceding it, abound in legal allusion and legal argument, into the detail of which it is not necessary to enter here. The problem to which St. Paul is addressing himself in this and other parts of his writings is one which evidently caused no little perplexity amongst Christian converts. Christianity was in effect the substitution of what St. Paul calls the "law of faith," or, more shortly, "faith," for the ceremonial law. Current speculations enable us to grasp more readily than those to whom St. Paul addressed himself the idea of an evolution, so to speak, from the law of Moses to the law of Christ. We may recognize a development of spirituality in the supersession of ceremony by faith. But the early convert remembered that the reign of ceremony had itself superseded a previous reign of faith. There was faith, as St. Paul so earnestly insists, before the law. The progress of religion between Abraham and Christ was a progress "from faith to faith." Now if the law of faith were a sufficient religious rule, how came it to have been superseded at all? Did not the very fact of the imposition of the ceremonial law imply its necessity, or at least its superiority over the simpler form of religion which preceded it?

St. Paul is fond of personification, but his personifications are not poetical, but legal. In his argument he figures the Jewish nation as a child, who was heir to the inheritance of Abraham. The Mosaic law is a guardian appointed to protect the infancy of the nation, and to train it up for the period when in the fulness of time it should enter upon the inheritance. This inheritance is the advent of the Messiah. But although upon the advent of the Messiah the period of tutelage is past and the inheritance entered upon, the child — still a child — is not left without protecting care, for he gives himself in "adoption" to God, and is received into the family of the great father; and whereas he was formerly but the heir of Abraham, he now becomes by a new and better title the heir of the Deity. The result of the whole argument is that the law of faith is the law of the family. It was the law of

patriarchal households, and it is to be the law of the new and mystic household — "the household of faith."

The life of the patriarch was solitary. He dwelt apart from men, surrounded only by his family and servants; to these he was the only lawgiver and the only priest. Duty towards God was unencumbered with ceremonial observances. Duty towards men needed no elaboration in specific rules. A ritual law would have been as much out of place in the primitive family as a civil law. The simple principles of affection and faith were a sufficient substitute for both. The imposition of the law of Moses was coincident with the transition of the family into the nation. When the family develops into a tribe and the tribe expands into a nation, affection is no longer a sufficient rule of conduct between individuals. The paternal authority is superseded by custom, and custom is consolidated into codes of law. Worship becomes national and public, and the head of the family relinquishes the functions of the priesthood to a consecrated order. The home is replaced by the society; and this is in itself an explanation of the dispensation of discipline. But Christ's mission was to restore the family, not by disintegrating society, but by comprehending it. All men were to become brethren, and all the sons of God. The purpose of the law was accomplished; the training of the long orphaned nation was complete; and the reign of faith was restored.

The supersession of the law of Moses by the law of faith is the subject of a very long and very elaborate argument in the Epistle to the Romans. Among Hebrew and gentile converts alike the question had arisen, what law of religious observance and conduct was henceforward to be observed. Our Lord was not ostensibly a legislator. He did not explicitly enact a code, or formulate a system of Church government. Even after the faith had been accepted, the believer might not at once, or readily, perceive that the faith involved and comprehended a code; that Christ's life was in itself a law; that his precepts were the summary of a spiritualized jurisprudence; that, in truth, the epoch in divine government had arrived for discarding detailed rules of conduct and ritual, and their replacement by great principles, the particular application of which was reserved for the forum of the individual conscience. It was not easily apprehended that it was in this sense that Christ had come not to destroy, but to ful-

fil the law. Moreover, much of that part of the law which related to civil matters was, prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, still the common law of Judea; and there never was any question of abrogating the moral law contained in the Mosaic legislation.

It is worthy of note, that at the period when St. Paul wrote, and for a long time previously, Roman jurisprudence had been deeply engaged with a problem extremely analogous to that which perplexed the early Church.

The Roman republic was as exclusive in its spirit as the Jewish theocracy. The ancient Quiritarian law, elaborately ceremonial in its character, was regarded as the peculiar heritage of the Roman citizen. Foreigners were jealously excluded from participating in its benefits. A separate system and separate tribunals were established for those who were outside the pale of citizenship. Every student of Roman law knows how this subsidiary system, distinguished for its extreme simplicity and based on reason instead of immemorial usage, was gradually brought into competition with the old Quiritarian jurisprudence, and finally superseded it. Originally disliked and despised, the Prætorian law, by means in part of the influence of the stoical philosophy, came to be the object of peculiar admiration. It was lauded as the law of nature, restored from the Golden Age; it was eulogized by the name of equity.

What the Prætorian law was to the Quiritarian law, the law of Christ was to the law of Moses. Like the Prætorian law, the law of Christ was characterized by its simplicity. It consisted of the great principles which underlay the rigid rules and forms of the Mosaic code. What the Prætorian law was conceived to be by current speculation, that the law of Christ actually was—a law of millennial perfection. During the first century the schools resounded with discussions concerning the origin and nature of the Prætorian equity, and the degree and manner in which it ought to supersede the Quiritarian law. In the light of these juridical controversies we may discern some explanation both of the nature of the difficulty which beset the early Church, and of the method of reasoning which the apostle adopts in dealing with it.

Further illustrations might be adduced of metaphors and lines of argument in the writings of St. Paul which appear to be derived from the Roman law. St. Paul is, perhaps, of all writers either ancient or

modern the most difficult to understand. It cannot be that his obscurity is deliberate. It is due chiefly, no doubt, to our ignorance of the intellectual atmosphere of the age in which he lived. It is not suggested that a study of the Roman law, as it existed in the first century, will afford a universal picklock to the perplexing passages in which the Pauline epistles abound. But it is certain that no satisfactory commentary upon these epistles will ever be produced except by an author who, in addition to his other qualifications, is a thorough master of the history of civil jurisprudence.

In these days few students of divinity have even an elementary acquaintance with Roman law. Even students of law show little taste for a branch of study which has no direct, and very little indirect, bearing upon the every day practice of their profession. They read the little that they are obliged to read with reluctance, and forget it with alacrity. The Roman law, indeed, as every reader of English history is aware, was always unpopular amongst the common lawyers. But it was not always a department of learning neglected by the clergy. In former times Church dignitaries were often eminent "civilians," to use the term which has been commonly applied in this country to proficients in the study of Roman jurisprudence. The canon or ecclesiastical law, including the law of testate and intestate succession, was based upon Roman law. The Roman law which is embodied in the English system of equity was mainly imported into it by ecclesiastical lord chancellors.

It may excite some surprise that civilian divines of olden days have left little or nothing to show their consciousness of St. Paul's frequent use of the language of that jurisprudence with which they were familiar. It may be that the unbending dogma of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures which formerly prevailed would in any case have deterred them from looking in any purely mundane direction for the elucidation of an apostle's language. But in truth they were not in a position to discern so much as may now be discerned of the legal element in the writings of St. Paul. The Roman law with which they were acquainted was the refined system which was elaborated and consolidated under the authority of Justinian in the sixth century after Christ. This system was widely different from that which prevailed in the time of St. Paul. The discovery of the "Institutes" of Gaius, in the

year 1816, threw a flood of light on the remoter history of the law and of the juridical ideas of the Roman people. It was not until the year 1861 that the great work of the late Sir Henry Maine on "Ancient Law" made the public — or even the lawyers — aware of the full importance of this discovery. It may be that commentators and theologians still fail to appreciate the value, for the purposes of Scriptural exegesis, of Gaius and his modern expositors.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
HEERA NUND.

HE stood in the verandah, salaaming with both hands, in each of which he held a bouquet — round-topped, compressed, prim little posies, with fat bundles of stalk bound spirally with date-fibre; altogether more like ninepins than bouquets, for the time of flowers was not yet, and only a few ill-conditioned rosebuds, suggestive of worms, and a dejected *champak* or two showed amongst the green.

The holder was hardly more decorative than the posies. Bandy, hairy brown legs, with toes set wide open by big brass rings, — a sight bringing discomfort within one's own slippers from sheer sympathy; a squat body, tightly buttoned into a sleeveless white coat; a face of mild ugliness overshadowed by an immaculately white turban. From the coral and gold necklace round his thick throat, and the crescent-shaped earrings in his spreading ears I guessed him to be of the Arain caste. He was, in fact, Heera Nund, gardener to my new landlord; therefore, for the present, my servant. Had I enquired into the matter, I should probably have found that his forbears had cultivated the surrounding land for centuries; certainly long years before masterful men from the West had jotted down their trivial boundary pillars to divide light from darkness, the black man from the white, cantonments from the rest of God's earth. One of these little white pillars stood in a corner of my garden, and beyond it lay an illimitable stretch of bare brown plain, waiting till the young wheat came to clothe its nakedness.

I did not enquire, however, few people do in India. Perhaps they are intimidated by the extreme antiquity of all things, and dread letting loose the floodgates of garulous memory. Be that as it may, I was content to accept the fact that Heera Nund, whether representing ancestral pro-

prietors or not, had come to congratulate me, a stranger, on having taken, not only the house, but the garden also. The *sahibs*, he said, went home so often nowadays that they had ceased to care for gardens. This one having been in a contractor's hands for years had become, as it were, a miserable, low-degree native place. In fact, he had found it necessary to steep his own knowledge in oblivion in order that content should grow side by side with country vegetables. Yet he had not forgotten the golden age, when, under the ægis of some judge with a mysterious name, he too, Heera Nund the Arain, had raised celery and beet-root, French beans and artichokes, asparagus and patercelli. He reeled off the English names with a glibness and inaccuracy in which, somehow, there lurked a pathetic dignity. Then suddenly, from behind a favoring pillar, he sprung upon me the usual native offering, consisting of a flat basket decorated with a few coarse vegetables. A bunch of rank-smelling turnips, half-a-dozen blue radishes running two to the pound, various heaps of native greens, a bit off an overblown cauliflower proclaiming its bazaar origin by the turmeric powder adhering to it in patches, a leaf-cup of mint ornamented by two glowing chillies. He laid the whole at my feet with a profound obeisance. "This dust-like offering," he said gravely, "is all that the good God (*khoda*) can give to the sahib. Let the presence (*huzoor*) wait a few months and see what Heera Nund can do for him."

I shall not soon forget the ludicrous solemnity of voice and gesture, or the simple self-importance, overlaying the ugly face with the smile of a cat licking cream.

I did not see him again for some days, for accession to a new office curtails leisure. When, however, I found time for a stroll round my new domain I discovered Heera Nund hard at work. His coattee hung on a bush; his bare, brown back glistened in the sunshine as he stooped down to deepen a water-course with his adze-like shovel. A brake of sugarcane, red-brown and gold, showed where the garden proper merged into the peasants' land beyond; for the well, whence the water came that flowed round Heera Nund's hidden feet as he stood in the runnel, irrigated quite a large stretch of the fields around my holding. The well-wheel creaked in recurring discords, every now and again giving out a note or two as if it were going to begin a tune. The red

evening sun shone through the mango-trees, where the green parrots hung like unripe fruit. The bullocks circled round and round; the water dripped and gurgled.

"How about the seeds I sent you?" I asked, when Heera Nund drew his wet feet from the stream, and composing himself for the effort, produced an elaborate salaam.

He left humility behind him as he stalked over to a narrow strip of ground on the other side of the well, a long strip portioned out into squares and circles like a doll's garden, with tiny one-span walks between.

"Behold!" he said. "His Honor will observe that the cabbage caste have life already."

Truly enough the half-covered seeds showed gussets of white in their brown jackets. "But where are the tickets? I sent word specially that you were to be sure to stick the labels on each bed. How am I to know which is which?"

"The presence can see that the sticks are there," he answered with a superior smile; "but there are others beside the sahibs who love tickets."

He pointed to the tree above us, where on a branch sat a peculiarly bushy-tailed squirrel, as happy as a king over the brussel-sprouts' wrapper, which he was crumpling into a ball with deft hands and sharp teeth. How I came to know it was this particular wrapper happened thus: I threw my cap at the offender, and in his flight he dropped the paper on my bald head; it was hard, and had points.

"They are misbegotten devils," remarked Heera cheerfully; "but they are building nests, sahib, and like to paper the inside. Notwithstanding, the presence need fear no confusion; his slave has many names in his head. This is *arly walkrin* (early Walcheren), that is *droomade* (drumhead), yonder is *dookoyark* (Duke of York), and that, that, and that —"

He would have gone on interminably, had I not changed the subject by asking what was growing beneath a dilapidated hand-light, which stood next to a sturdy crop of broad-cast radishes. Only a few panes of glass remained intact, but the vacancies had been neatly supplied by coarse muslin. The gardener's face, always simple in expression, became quite homogeneous with pure content.

"*Huzoor!* It is the *malin* (female gardener)!"

"The *malin*! What on earth do you mean?"

Have you ever watched the face of a general servant when she takes the covers off the Christmas dinner? Have you ever seen a very young conjuror lift his father's hat to show you that the handkerchief (which he has palpably secreted elsewhere), is no longer in its legitimate hiding-place? Something of that mingled triumph and fear lest some accident may have befallen skill in the interim showed itself in Heera Nund's countenance as he removed the light with a flourish, thus disclosing to view a fat and remarkably black baby asleep on a bed of leaves. It was attired in a pair of silver bangles, and a Maw's feeding-bottle grew, like some new kind of root-crop, from the ground beside it.

"My daughter, huzoor — little Dhropadi the *malin*."

His voice thrilled even my bachelor ears as he squatted down and began mechanically to fan the swift-gathering flies from the sleeping child.

"You seem to be very fond of her," I remarked after a pause. "It is only a girl after all. Have you no son?"

He shook his head.

"She is the only one, and I waited for her ten years. Ten long years; so I was glad even to get a *malin*. Dhropadi grows as fast as a boy; almost as fast as the huzoor's cabbages. Only the other day she was no bigger than my hand."

"Your wife is dead, I suppose?" The question was, perhaps, a little brutal, but it was so unusual to see a man doing dry nurse to a baby girl, that I took it for granted that the mother had died months before, at the child's birth. I never saw a face change more rapidly than his; the simplicity left it, and in place thereof came a curious anxiety such as a child might show with the dawning conviction that it has lost itself.

"She is not at all dead, huzoor; on the contrary she is very young. Children cry sometimes, and my house does not like crying. You see, when people are young they require more sleep; when she is old, as I am, she will be able to keep awake."

His tone was argumentative, as if he were reasoning the matter out for his own edification. "Not that Dhropadi keeps me awake often," he added, in hasty apology to that infant's reputation; "considering how young a person she is, her ways are very straight-walking and meek."

"If she cries you can always stop her with the watering-pot, I suppose."

He looked shocked at the suggestion.

"Huzoor! it is not difficult to stop

them; such a very little thing pleases a baby. Sometimes it is the sunshine, — sometimes it is the wind in the trees, — sometimes it is the birds, or the squirrels, or the flowers. When it is tired of these there is always the milk in its stomach. Dhropadi's goat is yonder; it lives on your Honor's weeds. You are her father and her mother."

However much I might repudiate the relationship, I soon became quite accustomed to finding Dhropadi in the most unexpected places in my garden. For, soon after my first introduction to her, the claims of an early crop of lettuces to protection from the squirrels led Heera Nund to transfer the hand-light from one of his charges to another. Dhropadi, he said, could grow nicely without it now; the black ants could not carry her off, and the squirrels had quite begun to recognize that she was of the race of Adam. At first, however, he took precautions against mistakes, and many a time I have seen the sleeping child stuck round with pea-sticks, or decorated with fluttering feathers on a string, to scare away the birds. Sometimes she was blanching with the celery, and once I nearly trod on her as she lay among the toppings in a thick plantation of blossoming beans. But she never came to harm; the only misadventure being when her father would lay her to sleep in some dry water channel, and, forgetting which one it was, turn the shallow stream that way. Then there would be a momentary outcry at the cold bath; but the next, she would be pacified with a flower, and sit in the sun to dry, for to say sooth no more good-tempered child ever existed than Dhropadi. In this, at any rate, she was like her father, though I could trace no resemblance in other ways. "She is like my house," he would say, when I noticed the fact. "She is young and I am old, — quite old."

Indeed, as time passed I saw that Heera Nund was older than I thought at first. Before the barber came in the morning there was quite a silver stubble on his bronze cheek, and his bright, restless eyes were haggard and anxious. Despite his almost comic jauntiness and self-importance he struck me as having a hunted look at times, especially when he came out from the mud-walled enclosure at the further end of the garden, where his "house" lived. He went there but seldom, spending his days in tending Dhropadi and his plants with an almost extravagant devotion. His state of mind when that young lady used her new accomplish-

ment of crawling, to the detriment of a bed of *sootullians* (Sweet Williams) in which he took special pride, was quite pathetic. I found him simply howling between regret for the plants and fear lest I should order punishment to the offender. His gratitude when I laughed was unbounded.

After this Dhropadi used to be set in a twelve-inch pot, half sunk in the ground, where she would stay contentedly for hours, drumming the sides with a carrot, while Heera weeded and dibbled.

"She grows," he would say, snatching her up fiercely in his arms; "she grows as all my plants grow. See my sootullians! They will blossom soon and then all the sahibs will come and say, 'See the sootullians which Heera Nund and Dhropadi have grown for the huzoor.'"

Yet with all this blazoning of content the man was curiously restless; almost like a child in his desire for action and vivid interest in trivialities. "See the misbegotten creature I have found eating the honorable huzoor's roots!" he would say, casting a wire-worm on the verandah steps, and dancing on it vindictively. "It was in the huzoor's carnations, but by the blessing of God and Heera Nund's vigilance it is dead. Nothing escapes me. Have I not fought wire-worms since the beginning of all things, I and my fathers? We kill all creeping, crawling things, except the holy snake that brings fruit and blossom to the garden."

One night I was disturbed by unseemly noises, coming apparently from the servants' quarters; but my remonstrances next morning were met, by my bearer, with swift denial. "It is Heera. He, poor man, has to beat his wife almost every night now. I wonder the presence has not heard her before; she screams very loud."

I stood aghast.

"He should let her go, or kill her," continued the bearer placidly, "She is not worth the trouble of beating; but he is a fool, because she is Dhropadi's mother. Yes, he is a fool; he beats her when he finds her lover there. He should beat her well before the man comes. That is the best way with women."

It was an old story it seemed, dating before Dhropadi's appearance on the scene. It occurred to me that perhaps a deeper tragedy than I had thought for was ripening in my garden among the ripening plants. I found myself watching Dhropadi and her father with an almost morbid interest, and hoping that, if my idle suspicion was right, kindly fate might hide the

truth away forever, in the bottom of that well where Heera often held the child to smile at her own reflection, far down where the water showed like a huge, round dewdrop.

So time went on, until the sootullians showed blossom buds and Dhropadi cut her first tooth on one and the same day. Perhaps the excitement of the double event was too much for Heera's nerves; perhaps what happened was due anyhow; but as I strolled through the garden that evening at sundown I saw the most comically pathetic sight my eyes ever beheld. Heera Nund, clothed, but not in his right mind, was dancing a *can-can* among his sootullians, while Dhropadi shrieked with delight and beat frantically on her flowerpot. Even with the knowledge of all that came after, the remembrance provokes a smile. The rhythmic bobbing up and down of the uncouth figure, the cow-like kicks of the bandy legs, the preternaturally grave face above, the crushed sootullians below.

I sent him in charge of two sepoys to the dispensary, and there he remained for two months, more or less. When he came back he was very quiet, very thin, and there were marks of several blisters on the back of his head. He resumed work cheerfully, with many apologies for having been ill, and once more he and Dhropadi—who had been handed over meantime, under police supervision, to her mother—were to be found spending their days together in amicable companionship. His only regrets being apparently that the sootullians had blossomed and Dhropadi learnt to walk in his absence.

But for one or two little eccentricities I might have been tempted to forget that *can-can* among the flowers; indeed I always met his enquiries as to the sootullians with the remark that they had done as well as could be expected, in the circumstances. The eccentricities, however, if few, were striking. One was his exaggerated gratitude for the blisters on the back of his head; the last thing in the world one would have thought likely to produce an outburst of that Christian virtue. But it did, and an allusion to the all too visible scars invariably crowned the frequent recital of the benefits he had received at my hands. Another was the difficulty he had in distinguishing Dhropadi from the other fruits of his labors. On two separate occasions she formed part of the daily basket of vegetables which he brought in to me, and very quaint the little black morsel looked sitting surrounded by tomatoes and melons. But

though he treated the matter as an elaborate joke when I remarked on it, there was a dazed, uncertain look in his eyes as if he were not quite sure as to the right end of the stick.

Nevertheless peace and contentment reigned apparently in his house. When I sat out in the dark, hot evenings, a glow of flickering firelight from within showed the mysterious, mud-walled enclosure by the wall, decorous and conventional. The winking stars looking down into it knew more of the life within than I did, but at any rate no unseemly cries disturbed the scented night air and the huzoor's slumbers. Perhaps the police supervision had impressed the lover with the dangers of lurking house-trespass by night; perhaps the dark-browed, heavy-jowled young woman who had taken my warning so sullenly had learnt more craft; perhaps the languor which creeps over all things in May had sucked the vigor even from passion. Who could say? Those crumbling mud walls hid it all, and Heera seemed to have begun a new life with the hot-weather vegetables.

So matters stood when an old enemy laid hold of me. Ten days after I found myself racing Death with a determination to reach the sea, and feel the salt west wind on my face before he and I closed with each other. The strange hurry and eagerness of it all comes back to some of us like a nightmare, years after the exile is over. The doctor's verdict, the swift packing of a trunk or two, the hope, the fear, the mad longing at least to see the dear faces once more.

They packed me and a half hundred pil-lows into a *palkighari* one afternoon. The servants stood, white clad, in a row beside the white pillars, dazzling in the slanting sunlight. I drove through the flower garden dusty and scorched. At the gate stood Heera Nund, one arm occupied by Dhropadi, the other supporting a huge basket of vegetables. He looked uncertain which to present; finally, seeing the carriage drive on, he deliberately let the basket fall, and running to my side, thrust the child's chubby hands forward. They held just such ninepin bouquets as he had carried on our first introduction, "Take them, sahib!" he cried. "Take them for luck! and come back soon to the mali and the malin." As the ghari turned sharp down the road I saw him standing amidst the ruins of the basket with Dhropadi in his arms.

Six months passed before I set foot on Indian soil again; and then fate, and a

restless government, sent me to a new station. When my servants arrived with my baggage from the old one, I naturally fell to asking questions. "And how is Heera Nund?" was one. My bearer smiled benignly. "Huzoor, he is well — in the month of July he was hang'd."

"Bearer!"

"Without doubt; it was in the month of July. He killed his wife with an axe. Dhropadi was bitten by a snake while she slept one day when Heera had to leave her with her mother; and that night he killed his wife as *she* slept also. It was a mistake to be so revengeful, for every one knew Dhropadi was not really his daughter."

"Do you think that Heera knew?"

"She told him when the child died, in order to stop his grief; but it did not. She was very kind to him — after the other one went to prison for lurking about."

"And did no one tell about it all?"

"About what, huzoor?"

"About the vegetables, and Dhropadi, and the sootullians, and the blisters on the back of his head! Did no one say the man was mad?"

"There was a new assistant at the dispensary, sahib, and her people were very rich; besides Heera was not mad at all. He did it on purpose. He was a bad man, and the sirkar did right to hang him, — in July."

But as I turned away I could think of nothing but that can-can among the sootullians, with little Dhropadi beating time with a carrot.

F. A. STEEL.

From Temple Bar.

IRISH BULLS, AND BULLS NOT IRISH.

A BULL defies definition; but, for that matter, so does wit, and so does many another word in the language of which one would be glad to get a definition. There are many men, indeed, who would be only too happy could they arrive at the definition of a libel; but the lawyers, as a body, would not be found sharing in the general joy. Imperfect definition, coupled with the ill-temper of mankind, is the source of all litigation; so that sound definition would do away with half the law-suits.

John Locke fancied he could put an end to logomachies by his chapter on words. But then he was the first to depart from the meanings that he himself had assigned to them, and so in a very little while the

amphibologies took to sprouting again, like potatoes in spring, with redoubled force. In the same way, a privet hedge grows thicker and sprouts the faster for its periodical clippings. It is, perhaps, as well that it should be so. For what would become of the multiplication of books, and of all the printing and publishing concerns that now run along so briskly, if authors should ever get into the way of saying only what ought to be said, and of using words in a fixed sense, so that there could be little obscurity as to what is intended? Why, truly the trade of authors and publishers would fall to a moiety straight, and many who now can hardly live must then go into utter bankruptcy.

The economy of everything requires, as a first condition of its existence and respectability, that it shall be made to pay. After that is secured you may philosophize as you please. Bishop Parker, when he was asked by a friend which was "the best body of divinity," said, with great singleness of purpose, "It is that which can best help a man to keep a coach and six." If this be admitted as an ecclesiastical verity, how much more suitable is it of adoption as a lay principle.

We are fortunately not called upon to furnish the definition of a bull; but as Sydney Smith volunteered one, we will avail ourselves of it *en passant*. He writes: —

We shall venture to say that a bull is an apparent congruity, and real incongruity of ideas, suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real.

A shot or two directed at this will riddle it through and through. A veteran officer so pestered Louis XIV. to give him some appointment, that the king, in a huff, said, loud enough to be overheard, "He is the most troublesome officer that I have in my service." "That, sire," said the old man, "is precisely what your Majesty's enemies all say of me." The king felt, upon this sharp rejoinder, he had been, as an economist might say, guilty of an act of unenlightened selfishness; and he therefore granted to the wit of the old soldier what his merit would never have won for him. The next case is that of an Englishman who wrote in his letter, "I would say more, but that there is a d——d tall Irishman looking over my shoulder and reading every word of this." On which the Hibernian exclaimed, "You lie, you scoundrel."

drell!" Sydney Smith cites these to illustrate his position, the first as true wit, the last as a blunder that only an Irishman could be guilty of. Let us grant it for the moment. But what shall we say to Ers-kine's exclamation, on being told that some man had died worth £200,000, "That is a pretty sum for a man to begin the next world with." If ever there was wit, this is wit; yet what real relation, before unapparent, does it discover to our view? It rests on an apparent relation, and the fun consists in the unreality. It is a Scotch bull, according to the definition or canon of our canon of St. Paul's. Definitions are themselves things to move laughter, capital jokes, if you have no fool, lawyer, Scotchman, or logician present who will insist on treating such things as being thoroughly serious, and as actual matters of fact.

Edgeworth, in his "Essay on Irish Bulls," tells us how hard he found it to read old Joe Miller through. He got hold of an edition that was published in 1800. He says 1801, but then he is not accurate, even in his quotations. The book he studied was a digest of fifty jest books, beginning in 1551, and running down to 1800. He took this course before penning his essay, in order to arrive at a competent knowledge of the treasures of English wit. He declares that in wading through Coke upon Littleton, he was never so much tired (p. 91). He satisfied himself that English wit had reached but a very low standard of excellence. He began by wishing to find this, and so he found it. His book is a complete hugger-mugger; it has as much of arrangement and order as we find in an Irish cabin where the pig hobnobs with the family. But, none the less, his book is interesting, and brimful of the wit of others. He damages it considerably as a total by his pertinacity in the defence of his countrymen from the disparagement which the Hibernian bull has brought upon them. The pages he devotes specially to this topic are as dull as if he were still dozing over Coke's "Institutes" or "Reports." He seems to have been a vigorous, irrepressible kind of man. Byron, who met him at Sir Humphry and Lady Davy's house in 1813, calls him "active, brisk, and endless"—in fact, a bore. The bucks of London in that day had, in jest, drawn up a paper for the recall of Siddons to the stage; and Tom Moore had proposed a paper recalling Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland, whilst Byron himself suggested a "Society for the Suppression of Edgeworth."

The principal thing to be learned from all this is that ornament is not substance, a few pearls may embellish, but a dress covered with them, like Esterhazy's, becomes very heavy wear and almost insupportable. Edgeworth had found it so in going through the Joe Miller collection, and attributed it to the dullness of the art. Now there are many things coarse, vulgar, and ill-described in Miller's book, still there is also a sprinkling of very bright wit to be found in it. The too close proximity it is that clouds the effect, as the milky way looks dull against a bright particular star. Perhaps the finest collection of bright sayings ever brought together may be Lord Bacon's apophthegms—unless, indeed, those collected by Julius Cæsar should have been better, but then they have been lost. Myself I would rather have had them than the perished decades of Livy. Of this sort of thing, however, a page or two at a time is quite enough, yet they are much more widely diversified in quality and variety of lights than bulls can very well be made. Bulls are wit, or the want of it, coming to a happy kind of grief over some unanticipated stumbling block lying in the way. One or two of these may be intensely funny, and make you laugh, as the Spaniard did reading Don Quixote; but to make you satisfied with them for long, the work of a true craftsman, who threads them well together, must be superadded. A bull is nonsense, or art, or both together. But an aphorism is a far higher flight of thought, and may in a sentence epitomize a whole train of philosophizing, as a walnut contains a whole tree potentially. When Solon was asked if he had given the Athenians the best laws, he rejoined, like a Spartan, "The best they could receive." Cato Major, too, had a pithy saying of his own, "That wise men learnt more by fools, than fools by wise men."

Even puns may be far wiser than to merely show the presence of a pickpocket, as Swift put it, if indeed it were not somebody before Swift, perhaps Dennis, who said that foolish thing which Dr. Johnson re-echoed. Here, for instance, is a pun that should not be forgotten. When Sylla laid down the dictatorship, Cæsar said, "Sylla is ignorant of letters, so cannot dictate." If this story does nothing else it vindicates the pun. Even Johnson must plead guilty to a magniloquent riddle, the fundamental merit of which resolves into a pun. "What is majesty stripped of its externals but a jest? (M—a—jest—y),"

The idea was not his, only the magniloquence that sets it off so finely belongs to him. Intrinsically it may pass as a Joe Miller, and we find it in the collected jest books.

John Dennis, the critic, certainly hated a pun, and is said to have quitted the company of Daniel Purcell the punster, with this bitter pickpocketing sarcasm upon his lips. Puns are historical, as we see from Cæsar, and we also see they may be profound. One oddly enough had a temple built to it in old Roman times, for Octavius going into the battle of Actium, happened to meet an ass called *Eutychnus* or good fortune, driven by a man named *Nicôn* or victorious. After the battle was won he built a temple, Suetonius tells us, and set up therein an image of this donkey and its master. Here is a pun developing into a church, but puns are things quite kept out of the pulpit. Few admire Rowland Hill's on "the Wapping Sinner," when he went to preach a sermon in that locality. Few also who appreciate true wit, and are but little led by opinion, will much sympathize with Swift, Dennis, Johnson for biting speech against the pun. You may take it for certain they were one and all of them only waiting for a chance of editing a good one.

Another historical instance of the pun occurs in the life of Pope Sixtus V. The cottage in which he was born was but a miserable hut, and let in the sunlight through the holes in the thatch. It was in allusion to this in after life he used pleasantly to say that he was the son of an illustrious house, which in the Italian runs still better, as, *nato di casa illustre*. The most super-exquisite Chesterfield in Europe should after this exempt the pun from critical censure as bad wit.

A story is told of Lord Eldon in witty defence of punning, which others, however, attribute to Erskine. Somebody was disparaging the pun in his presence, as being the lowest kind of wit. "That," said Eldon, "may be true, for it is the foundation of all." Certainly there will be but very little wit left in the world after eliminating rigidly all that approaches to a play upon words. A pun is essentially a play upon words, but the finest wit ever uttered is almost always partially so. A capital pun may arise by pure accident, as recorded in Bucke's "Book of Table Talk" (i. 310). A Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from a post in the Customs at Edinburgh, for circulating some false rumor. The dismissal is said to have been thus noted in the Customs' books at the

time: "A. Gun discharged for making a false report."

Addison, unfortunately for himself, took side against the pun, and proposed what he thought an excellent test of such wit. Translation was to be the touchstone; if it would bear that, the wit was real, if not it was but a bare pun, the mere counterfeit of wit. He could not have examined his test far. Try Killigrew's wit when King Charles was to furnish him the topic. "On myself," said his Majesty. "The king is no subject," was the prompt reply. (*Le roi n'est pas un sujet.*) That translates well enough, Mr. Joseph Addison, by your leave, we think. A Mons. de G. who squinted formidably, asked Talleyrand, when affairs were at a highly critical juncture, how things were going. "*Mais comme vous voyez, monsieur.*" (Why, as badly as you see, sir.) The two tongues may run in a curricule, and the wit trundle safely enough on the pole that divides them. A lovely girl was attending the lectures of a Greek philosopher. A grain of dust blew into her eye, and she begged the professor's aid to remove it. As he zealously strove to free the sparkling orb, some one called out to him, "Do not spoil the pupil." *Μὴ τὴν κόρην διαφθείρης.* The curricule yokes again as also this, a man ploughed up the field where his father was buried. "This is truly," said Cicero, "to cultivate a father's memory." (*Hoc est verè colere monumentum patris.*) With these cases before us we must drop translation as a test of merit. Wit is too subtle to be handled thus; like quicksilver, it will slip through a man's fingers while you are telling him what to do with it. There may be wit, bless your soul, latent in the mistakes of even book labelling. Luchesi, the Jesuit, published a book on the "Absurdities discovered in the works of Machiavelli by Father Luchesi." The bookseller backed it briefly thus: "Absurdities of Father Luchesi." It was in this way made to fit the label capitally, if not the author's purpose.

When Edgeworth wrote his book on Irish bulls, he found that bulls were not Irish, and that the word bull could not be defined; so that you may almost say his book is about nothing whatever in the universe, only it is highly amusing. In the course of it he presents us with a glorious bouquet of the gathered flowers of the wit of other men, without attempting strict definition of what a bull is. It may be said that one feature almost inseparably accompanies it, and that is, that the thing said contradicts itself amusingly by the

form in which it is stated — a discrepancy which the hearer perceives at once, whilst the utterer is for a moment unconscious of the apparent blunder.

Edgeworth takes two lines from Johnson, and thinks that they contain a bull:—

Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful
eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy.

He thinks, and a great many others agree with him in thinking, that if it could not be sold it could not be bought. It is a quibble to insist that what you sell must be buyable *ipso facto*, though this is what is generally maintained. When you sell yourself, as the expression runs, for gold, it is intended to represent, that in doing something disgraceful for a bribe you have parted with your honor. The briber did not want your honor, nor bid for it, but for your dirty co-operation. You sold your honor phraseologically, but he did not pay you for it (nothing could); therefore he did not buy it. Gold cannot buy it, and you can never buy it back. Your soul is bartered to smutty Pluto, and when the cash is gone you are without an equivalent; or if you hoard it you are but Midas, whose ears grow long as his wisdom shortens. Edgeworth says he is afraid that Johnson's distich is absurd, though the thought is of extraordinary fineness. This is far nearer to a bull than Johnson's line is, for a line cannot truly be absurd and fine at the same time. The same remark has been made by weak-kneed critics upon that noble inspiration in Ecclesiasticus, inculcating "buy the truth and sell it not." Edgeworth himself advances a witty exception, saying that "a patriot may sell his reputation, and the purchaser get nothing by it." Patriots have before now sold their country, and, in the world's phraseology, threw reputation with it. "Are you not ashamed of yourself in the remorse of having sold your country?" was said to one of these gentry about the time of the Union. "Not I," said he, "I only regret I have no more countries to sell." Patriotism, Johnson defined to be "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Such patriotism is. But such a man, though he can sell his country, cannot sell his reputation nor his conscience. He parts with his reputation, but it is not bought; and as he does not possess a conscience, he cannot have sold what he did not possess.

The true form of bull is this. An Irishman addresses a gentleman quite innocently with, "Please, your worship, he sent

me to the devil, and I came straight to your Honor." Here the man is momentarily unconscious of the construction that may be put upon what he says. He has no idea of the inference to be drawn that his patron is the foul fiend. His brevity here is most in fault, for had he added a word more it would all have been unimpeachable as well as being wholly denuded of fun. Add "to tell your Honor," and the address is as pointless as every-day and commonplace can make it. But it finds its counterpart in Marmontel. The peasant in "Annette and Lubin" says, "The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we are come to put ourselves under your lordship's protection."

It has grown proverbial that liars should have a good memory, or else they should confine themselves, like Earl Russel, to telling as few lies as possible. The compliments of polite society are so close akin to falsehood, and the transition of ideas in conversation is so rapid, as to give ground for the further aphorism, that a flatterer should be endowed with a most comprehensive forecast, lest in snatching the *à propos*, he break upon the *mal à propos*. "Tis as easy as lying." Yes, it is easy enough not to hit the truth, and yet miss at the same time the agreeableness you aim at. Let this be jotted down as a sunken rock in the chart of fashion for the men and ladies who flutter in salons, and "who seek after leasing." Take now an instance or two.

Madame Denis, the great French actress, had just stepped from the stage, having played to admiration the part of "Zara" (p. 35, 6). "To act that well," she said, "a woman should be young and handsome." "Ah, non, madame. Pardon me," ejaculated an unlucky gentleman anxious to compliment, "you are a convincing proof to the contrary." There was a grand chance here for the truth, but society and diplomacy register few successes in that direction. He could have said, "True, madame, but high intelligences possess both in quintessence, they have the gift of perennial beauty." On this occasion the Frenchman was as felicitous as the reply of the lady to George II., who hoped she had enjoyed all the gaities of town since her arrival. "I have seen everything, your Majesty, worth seeing in London except a coronation," was the maladroit rejoinder. What could the king say other than, "Dear madame, I would willingly die to gratify you, but we must wait a little longer, I fear." The gossip diaries chronicle nothing, so perhaps the king said nothing, but allowed the *gau-*

cherie to fall gently into oblivion. Edgeworth tells the story of an earl marshal, who at a coronation, when the king found fault with some part of the arrangements, could only excuse himself with, "Please, your Majesty, I hope it will go better next time."

Even judges sometimes fail to forecast the full purport of what they are saying. Serjeant Arabin, without any taint of Irish blood, said many surprising things in passing sentence on prisoners at the bar. He has been known to say, "It is in my power to transport you for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life, but the court in its mercy will not go so far as it lawfully might go." He once even offered a prisoner "a chance of redeeming a character that he had irretrievably lost." Judge Graham, raised to the bench in 1800, was so polite that he would address one found guilty of burglary as "My *honest friend*, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," etc. (Red Book, 24, 9).

Payne Knight, poor man, committed suicide. Rogers says in his "Table Talk" (p. 204), that he would come to him of an evening shortly before his death, and tell him how he loathed existence. The drug he had recourse to was the strongest prussic acid; to this Rogers appends the remark, "I understand he was *dead before it touched his lips*." Compared with such despatch as this a stroke of lightning may be called dilatory.

Here we may refer to the Irishman's cure for suicide. He considered that the true way to stop it was to make it capital, and punishable by death (Grose, *Olio*, 196).

Watts says in his "Logic," that "A guinea is pure gold if it has in it no alloy." There are very few guineas of this sort, and such a coin would be quite unfit for the wear and tear of circulation; but even if there were, the phrase *pure gold* might easily introduce a bull, for it would none the less be filthy lucre, which is about as consistent as Dr. Jekyll's description of Edward Hyde as a man who "alone in the ranks of mankind was *pure evil*." Everything seems to tend and trend to a besetting confusion of this kind. Fuller, in his "Life of Berengarius the Reformer," says that he would suffer no woman to come near him, not because the sex were in any way displeasing to him, but that he had such adversaries to guard against that it was requisite to cut off all occasion of suspicion. Fuller's quaint comment is that in such a case overmuch wariness is only a becoming caution, for that, "if it

be not too much it will be too little." There you have the very form of a bull, a contradiction in terms, but not the spirit of one, because Fuller is evidently conscious of what he is saying and in the liveliest manner possible. A metaphor and a bull are close akin, for Johnson's definition of the former will go a good way towards describing the bull. He says a metaphor is "the application of a word to an use to which, in its original import, it cannot be put."

Thomas Carlyle, in his "Oliver Cromwell," contradicts his own statement, whilst he notifies of that book that "some omissions will also appear in this edition." Thus it is that bulls multiply as you look for them. In Greek and Latin and in all the tongues upon earth it occurs, and seems to be not a *lapsus linguae, sed linguarum omnium lapsus*, a shadow, as it were, inseparable from the substance of the speech of man. Even the minstrel of Ulysses cannot get along without it. See what he says: "Self-taught am I, and the god puts all manner of lays into my heart." The black bull has set its hoof upon him here in the poverty of forecast. Were his lays inspired? Then he was not self-taught. Even plodding John Stow will have it that Gresham at the Royal Exchange laid "the first foundation-stone, being of brick."

Baker, in his "Biographia Dramatica," talks of a *marble gravestone* as being erected to Mrs. Manley, the playwright, and supposed author of the first volume of the "Turkish Spy." Now she lived on Lambeth Hill with the Tory printer, Alderman Barber, till her death, and was then buried in the middle aisle of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf. The slab of marble *erected* to her memory must therefore have been laid flat. Granger, in his "Biographical History," gives an account of several curious portraits of Queen Elizabeth, under which her history is summarized in eight or ten lines of letter-press; one of the points set forth is that she overthrew "the Spanish invincible navy." An Irish gentleman, to whom this was pointed out, replied that he could not see that they were invincible, for all they succeeded in doing was to lose almost every ship that put out to sea, showing, as the French say, that there is nothing sure in war but the uncertainty of it. When Derrick condoled with an Irish gentleman upon the recent death of his father, "It is what we must all come to if we only live long enough," said the Irishman. The idea, however, is no more Irish than French,

for when a Frenchman had built his chateau and completed the chapel to it, he called together his children and said, "J'espère que nous y serons tous enterrés, si Dieu nous prête vie."

The famous classic of Thetford, E. H. Barker, in his "Reminiscences," relates a curious story of this sort. A man argued the moon to be more really serviceable than the sun. "For," said he, "the sun shines only in the daytime, when he is not wanted at all, but is not like the moon that lights you at night."

Dr. Isaac Watts, the man of logical mind, puts something a good deal like a bull into his lyric on England's three great salvations — the Armada, Gunpowder Plot, and King William III.'s accession. One of the verses runs thus:—

Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright but dismal day.

The contradiction here arises from too bold an ellipsis. In a poem on true courage, this oddity occurs:—

Souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds.

The words are incongruous but not funny. One is harassed with a lingering notion of probate duty. A rather striking bull occurs in the "Double Falsehood," by Louis Theobald. He describes one of the characters to be such as that

None but himself can be his parallel.

But whether the man himself can be so paralleled or not, the passage can, for in Seneca's "Hercules Furens," the same thing is said of Hercules:—

Quæris Alcidae parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.

Do you need a parallel to Alcides? It can be nobody but himself; it is not very likely that the parallel was known to Theobald, but if so he is a most pithy translator. Still on much slenderer ground than this the cry of plagiarism has been raised. What follows almost is still stranger, for John Andrews, the learned Bishop of Aleria, who did so much for the early printers and their art, used to affix elaborate epistles to the works brought out by his *protégés*. That on Livy is particularly elaborate (Beloe, *Anec.*, iii., 283). Livy he thinks to be *Herculeum merito Historiarum*. Livy, says he, growing enthusiastic, not only excelled other writers, but also even far surpassed himself; *sed seipsum quoque longe antecellit*. He is

not only his own parallel, but his alacrity is such that he leaves himself behind in the race, and runs away from his own shadow, or his own spirit from his own body. "Have you any brothers and sisters?" "No," said Dominiant. "Alas! I have no brothers but myself" (Edgeworth, 72).

Edgeworth tells us of a great Irish orator who was silenced in the House of Commons with inextinguishable laughter for merely saying, "I am sorry to hear my honorable friend stand mute." Laughing at this he appears to consider as highly disrespectful to the Irish nation. He regards it as a trivial error to attribute to the ear what belongs to the province of the eye to take cognizance of. Probably if the orator had said, "I am sorry to see my honorable friend stand mute," the House of Commons would have been Hibernian enough to accept it simply because the phrase has grown current. Yet it is just as foolish as the other, for you can no more see a man stand mute, than you can hear him. Silence and muteness are nothing, and therefore not objects at all of the bodily senses. This incident may serve to show how poor a thing is language, how nearly its best expression stands allied to nonsense, how requisite it is, so only that the meaning be conveyed to another mind, that wise men should accept it frankly without a quibbling on the phrasing. "What is a vacuum, Dr. Butters?" was asked by a Parliamentary committee. "A vacuum, sir? why, a vacuum is a place full of emptiness." The committee laughed, the wise men of Greece would very likely have bowed their acquiescence in silence, seeing at a glance that the illiterate Butters knew very well what he was talking about.

Alderman Curtis once said that his barber's epigram took him but three hours to produce *extempore*.

We have now seen Cæsar and Johnson and Pope Sixtus V. punning; Seneca, Rogers, John Stow, and Serjeant Arabin making bulls, and we shall find greater men still doing the same thing before we have done. A bull may show ability momentarily at fault, but no fool ever yet made a good bull. A good bull is often a capital thought slightly phrase-damaged, or as Lamb described Coleridge to be, "an archangel spoilt in the making." This I take to be the best phrase that ever fell from the lips of that felicitous stuttester.

Edgeworth's apologetic anxiety betrays the Hibernian on tenter-hooks. It is a

sort of liturgical prayer raised by him continually against "the sin that doth so easily beset us."

Shakespeare tells of making "assurance doubly sure." Now if a man look strictly into this, it is as arrant nonsense as "to bolt a door with a boiled carrot." But before we rule it so, ask yourself the further question, is it an expression you would expect to fall from the lips of any fool of your acquaintance? It is true there are not a few mistakes that only thinking makes, but then a man must be a thinker before he can make them.

Castlereagh was much laughed at for saying that he hoped certain gentlemen would not turn their backs upon themselves. In one sense (to adopt a bull with our eyes open) it is nonsense; but in another it is full of truth. Take but one instance: every turn-coat in a fashion turns his back upon himself, at any rate what was his back; so that a turn-coat's back may almost be said to be like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, "in two places at once." A bull, when you come to think of it, is a mischievous thing, whether it occur in grammar or in rhetoric. It is like the proverbial bull in a china-shop, and is only less mischievous because our porcelain is worth more than men's words are generally. Nearly everything we do or say allies itself to a bull. What is *chiaroscuro* in painting but a bull? A *pianoforte* is a bull in music, a kind of double-action instrument that somewhat resembles Georgina's story of the man who, about the weight of the pig said, "After all, it did not weigh as much as I expected, but somehow I never thought it would." Swift relates a story as of Anthony Henly's farmer, who, when dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I'll take care it shall never get in again."

Horace Walpole, when busily insisting upon our deterioration as medallists from the high standard of the ancients, remarks that "from our coins our *retrograde progress* in science is evident." Much of our modern progress consists of a persistent retreat from excellence, and "retrogress" ought to be used in place of progress, and will be introduced, no doubt, if conceit should some day allow us to take any account of the direction in which we are going. From Walpole it is clear that we English can fall into a bull nearly as well as the Irish, but there is little sport in our bull-driving. In our Liturgy we get "whose service is perfect freedom." Again, when it is remarked that the seeds

of the Gospel have been watered with the blood of the saints, it becomes very clear that the bull and the metaphor have blood relations. Augustus Hare, in his admirable "Walks in London," says of our metropolis that it "is always moving into the country, and never arriving there."

Sir Thomas Hayes, city chamberlain at the time of the Rye House Plot, said that the citizens put themselves in a state of defence, for they did "not know but that to-morrow morning they might all rise with their throats cut." Dr. Burney's definition of music is that "music cannot be described," and a good many other things seem to be in precisely the same case. It is as good as the French "*je ne sais quoi*," to indicate a subtle delicacy or excellence that baffles elucidation by words.

Dr. Martin Lister, in his famous "Journey to Paris," in 1699, speaking of the danger of the wooden houses in London, says that when a man goes to sleep here "he lies like a *dead Roman* upon a funeral pile, *dreading* some *unexpected* apotheosis." It is not every Irishman who can compress two bulls into one sentence. In Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" we come upon the line:—

Take up his *slate* of ox-red sandal-wood.

Addison, in allusion to the fecundity of Congreve's wit, and his too lavish brilliancy, closes with this perfect bull—perfect, that is, if it had been unconscious, and not, as it is, intentional:—

He had more pleased us had he pleased us less.

Coleridge says of puns, "these are best when exquisitely bad." Perhaps the same is true of bulls, that they would only be made worse by being made better.

An Irishman, exhibiting the rapacity of the clergy, said, "Be the farmer never so poor, they'll make him pay their tenths whether he can or no." Somebody remarked to an Irishman that absentee landlords were diminishing in Ireland. "Diminishing, sir?" said he; "why, the whole country is full of them!" The remark is a bull as well as the answer. Is there any great difference between this and what *Æschylus* says of death, that it is "the *healer* of irremediable woes"? Or what does the reader think of Trumpet-major Charles Bonniot, who wrote to Napoleon III.:—

SIRE, — J'ai contracté sous votre cher oncle deux blessures mortelles, qui depuis 38 ans font l'ornement de mon existence, l'une à

la coupe droite et l'autre à Wagram. Si ces deux anecdotes vous paraissent susceptibles de la Légion d'honneur, j'ai bien celui de vous remercier à l'avance. Madame Bonriot sera sensible à cette amabilité de votre part.

CHARLES BONRIOT, trompette-major.

In Hayward's "Diary of a Lady of Quality," which was the substance of a journal kept by Miss Frances Williams Wynn, there occurs a curious Latin bull in an epitaph (p. 343): "Ille quidem plenus annis abiit; plenus honoribus, illis etiam quos recusavit." (He died full of years, and full of honors, even of those which he refused to accept.) Here we are on the very water-line of sense and nonsense; a man can hardly be said to possess what he refuses to accept, and yet, to push aside the honors and distinctions of this world as being things scarce worth the holding, may do a man more honor than the honors themselves could confer upon him. Antoine de la Salle, long before Madame de Staël, had described *love* in his day by a brilliant contradiction as *cel égoïsme à deux*. De Staël herself describes enlightened men as being, by their thoughts, contemporary with future ages. "Ils sont toujours contemporains des siècles futurs par leur pensées." "Born before his time" is our phrase, and implies that he ought to have been the contemporary of posterity. He has done something, by anticipation, for that posterity which Sir Boyle Roche refused to benefit; his shrewd remark was, "Why should we do anything for posterity? What has posterity ever done for us?" This may be less logical, but is more humorous far than what Simon had said long before: "Adieu, postérité! Je ne te connais pas." The question here arising is one for a casuist to unravel, whether the word *adieu* thus employed does not constitute a bull. Can a man bid farewell to a thing that has never been present with him, and with which, consequently, he has had no acquaintance? Can things part that never yet have met? "You have forfeited your conscience," said one man reproachfully to another. "I never had one," was the rejoinder, which seems efficiently to rebut the accusation.

In this connection ought to be read Swift's "Dedication to Prince Posterity" in his "Tale of a Tub." He was ever most proud of his accuracy as a writer, and could not endure to be taken for an Irishman by anything that came from his lips or pen. He has, however, contrived to publish a bull in his first Drapier's Letter:—

Therefore I do most earnestly exhort you, as men, as Christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or to get it read to you by others.

"This," says Ferrier, in his "Illustrations of Sterne" (i. 80), "is the jest-book story of the Templar over again, who left a note in the keyhole of his door directing the finder, if unable to read, to carry it to the stationer at the gate, now Messrs. Butterworth's, to read it for him. Grose relates the following for a fact: that in May, 1784, a bill was sent from Ireland for the royal assent relating to franking. One clause enacted that any member who, from illness or any other cause, should be unable to write might authorize another to frank for him, provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member give under his hand a full certificate of his inability to write. Professor Ferrier refers to Ralph's "History of England," in which a party of Irishmen on the side of James II. are appointed to fortify a pass against the advance of the English troops. When the work was completed, it was discovered they had set up the stockades the wrong way about, so as to secure the pass against themselves. Few bulls are so solidly constructed as this. Ferrier thinks this to be the most extraordinary of all blunders.

The reader will kindly compare it with the following, which was only not perpetrated like the above because it was impossible to do so. In the bill for pulling down the old Newgate at Dublin, employing the old materials, and rebuilding it on the same site, it was enacted that, to avoid useless expense, the prisoners should remain in the old Newgate till the new one was finished (Grose, *Ohio*, 204).

Leigh Hunt, in his "Court Suburbs," suggests (i. 219) a practical bull, and says that we may next hear of an artist who gets "a stammering man to sit for a portrait of Moses, because the great law-giver had an impediment in his speech." It would not be historical painting this, but in virtuosi-slang it might be called perhaps a "conversation piece."

An Egyptian proverb, however, runs, "The mother of foresight looks backward." This made an Irishman ask whether a mother could turn her back on her own progeny. Of course it means that by looking backward, and interrogating the past a man may arrive at shrewd guesses concerning the future. He may scrutinize keenly the past—

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

But this is hardly an instance in which a proverb expresses the wisdom of a nation.

Some one within earshot of an Irishman happened to say that Shakespeare died on the day of his birth. "By the mother of Ireland!" said he, "Shakespeare was the man for a good day's work thin; a janus that could turn out Hamlet and all the rest of it, complayte, in an ephemeral twenty-four hours deserved to live afterward at his aise foriver and iver." If it were true that the Irish enjoyed the sole privilege of making blunders such as these, we might say of them what Scaliger said of the Italians, "There are none stupid in Italy" (Bk. Tab. Talk, ii. 31), or we might rightly repeat of them what Caraccioli applied to the Neapolitans, "Fools are not born under these skies." (*Sotto questo cielo non nascono ciocchi.*) All the world seems to conspire at times to express itself in words that are contradictory. To enjoy ill health is an accepted phrase, and is analogous to what the classic Racine says in "Andromaque" (v. 5):—

Grâce aux Dieux! mon malheur passe mon
espérance.

Racine is well backed in practice by the great authority of Virgil. "How could I hope for this so great a grief?"

Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem.

The natural tendency to contradiction when men are laboring to express their ideas forcibly is amusingly shown by Warner in his "Recollections." He knew an energetic preacher who made frequent use of this expression, "What I mean by an upright man is a downright honest man." This reminds one of what they did at Westminster Abbey, where they buried Ben Johnson perpendicularly, but it was head downwards. So that rare and upright Ben became honest downright Ben. Dr. Maclaine describes the letters of William III. as being, "inconceivably clear."

One of the incongruities of speech falls to the lot of Paley, who would permit his daughters to go to parties, but one must always stop at home to rub him for rheumatism if required. "This," he said, "taught them *natural* affection." Probably quite as much so as his book teaches us *natural* theology. Reporting on the condition of Cotton House in Westmins-

ter, Wren says that "for a substantial repair it would have to be taken down."

It is said that a French soldier, stationed at a picture gallery, had strict orders to allow no one to pass without first depositing his walking-stick. A gentleman came with his hands in his pocket. The soldier, taking him by the arm, said, "Citizen, where is your stick?" "I have no stick!" "Then you will have to go back and get one before I can allow you to pass." As this man read his orders, the intention was that, as a preliminary to inspecting the gallery, everybody was to deposit a stick—not that those who had a stick should not be allowed to carry it with them into the gallery. A German lady, in writing to borrow money of her sweetheart, is said to have made the following ingenuous allusion in her postscript: "I am so thoroughly ashamed of my request, that I sent after the bearer of this note to call him back, but he had got already too far on the way."

Captain Patrick Blake, Grose says, heard some young officers talking irreverently about religion; at length they mentioned the devil ludicrously. He jumped out of his chair and insisted on their leaving off such indecent discourse. "By Jasus," said he, "the devil is an improper subject for your mirth, gentlemen, being the fourth person of the Trinity." There is also a story told of an Irish gentleman who wanted to learn of an eminent singing master, so he inquired the terms. "Two guineas for the *first lesson*," said the *maestro*, "and for as many as you please afterwards a guinea each." "Oh, bother the *first lesson*," said the inquirer, "let us commence with the *second*."

"Tim, do you snore when you are asleep?" said an American. "No, never, for I lay awake one whole night on purpose to see."

The analogue to this occurred to Porson once at a dinner-party where Captain Cook became the topic of the moment. "An ignorant person," as Timbs tells the story, wishing to contribute his mite said to the professor, "Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" "I believe he was," said Porson, "but he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

As to "an ignorant person," one is reminded by it of Lamb and the exciseman whose bumps he wanted to feel, from the man's having put a question to one of them. "Sir, do you think Milton a great man?" This is always put down to stupidity; it might be that, or nervousness, or sarcasm; for doubtless our exciseman

had heard many strange opinions expressed in that company which were clean contrary to those held by the stupid world in general, and he might have wished to hear whether they entertained the opinion of Milton's genius that the stupid world in general pretends to hold of a man whose books they practically know nothing about. The "ignorant person" sitting next to Porson could only have felt bashful surely, and talked this fatal nonsense rather than say nothing to his colossal neighbor.

Commercial advertisements are not free from bulls. A new washing-machine was advertised with the heading of "Every man his own *Washerwoman*." Beecham cannot advertise his pills without a bull. He says that if "Beecham's Pills, St. Helens" are *not* on the government stamp, they are a forgery. Imagine a charge of forgery for *not* having copied a signature. The advertisement writer next time should be put through a course of the pills to clear his head before he sits down to address the public. In the *Times* obituary, of all places, there occurred a complete bull on the 2nd December, 1879, thus:—

On the 1st Dec., at 3 Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park, Col. William Burney, K.H., one of the very few survivors of the Peninsula and Waterloo, in his 88th year.

Here we have the dead man represented as a survivor. When people publish things of this sort, they remind one of the Irishman who said of himself, "I am a very stupid animal; I only know what I know, and of that only half."

Ireland, in his "Confessions," talks of "stamping the signet of invalidity" upon certain papers. These are fine words to bring a blunder out of. The Irish often give you a lively, rampant, humorous bull, like the sprightly, spurning animal of a Spanish bull-fight, whilst English and other bulls seem to come from the commonplace brain of calves that are being driven to market at East Thirkley. Sheridan, however, puts it the other way about, saying that his countrymen always have the potato in their brain—thus, "Please, your Honor, we know there's nobody in it, but who knows how many may come out?" He declared that Kelly would ask him to scrape for him whilst he was knocking at the door, and that Kelly used to say of his playhouse, "The house is chuck-full, how much fuller it will be when the king comes to-morrow!" An Irishman also said to him, "Had I been killed by the fall, who would have maintained me for life?" We have already shown that judges can make

bulls on the bench; but the *British Apollo*, 1740, pretends that the term is derived from Obadiah Bull, an Irish lawyer practising in London in the reign of Henry VII., who was famous for such utterances. It may interest some reader to be reminded that the papal rescript is called *bulia*, from the seal affixed, the material of which was of lead. Wedgwood says it is a bubble, and so called from the noise. *Bullire* is to bubble or boil—really a hot drop of lead; so that to fulminate a papal missive becomes highly appropriate. Long before artillery of *bouches à feu* was perfect, the pope fired leaden *bullets* and brought kings down with them. The word of the Lord is as a two-edged sword, but the word of his vice-general was a once irresistible projectile of lead. Had he kept it to gold, as the earliest bulls were, there would have been many to serve it still in England. If it comes from *Bólla* or *Buólh*, which means a decree, as Moreri declares, with much probability, then Mr. Wedgwood boiling, boils over. But human decrees may be bubbles nevertheless. The omnipotence of Parliament is like the infallibility of Rome.

The *Spectator* in 1886 gave some striking illustrations of Irish humor and the use of the English language. The master was giving to a laborer a glass of whiskey, and doing so, said, "You'll remember, Corney, that every glass you take is a nail in your coffin." "Well, your honor," says Corney, "may be, as you have the hammer in your hand, you'd just drive another home."

It would appear from the following interesting anecdote that an extraordinary surprise or a startling personal experience may throw the mind into a condition to ejaculate naturally something very much resembling a bull. Charles II., out hunting one day, got separated from the hunt and entered the cottage of a cobbler for refreshment. The man gave him bread and cheese and began to talk about the king, expressing much anxiety to see him. "Mount behind me," said his guest, "and I will show him to you." "But how shall I know him?" "Why, the king will be the only one *covered*." By this time they had come up with the nobles, and the cobbler looked about for the king. He found soon that he alone and the king had their hats on; so rising to the occasion, he tapped the king on the shoulder, and said, "I think it must be either you or I, sir."

This happy confusion of the cobbler about his own identity suggests the story of the individual who accosted his friend

with "At a distance I was unable to recognize who you were; as you came nearer I thought it was you, but now I see it is your brother."

Grose relates that Caulfield, meeting Mr. Thomas Sandby, said, "My dear Sandby, I am glad to see you. Pray is it you or your brother?" It was a Spaniard who remarked ingeniously, that an author should always write his own index, let who will write the book. Edgeworth relates the story of an English shopkeeper who did pretty well in the direction of the bull proper when, to recommend the durability of some fabric for a lady's dress, he said, "Madam, it will wear forever, and make you a petticoat afterwards." This is quite equal to the Irishman's rope which had only one end, because the other had been cut away. Take, again, the rhyming distich by Caulfield on the Highland roads constructed by Marshal Wade:—

If you had seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have lift up your eyes, and blessed Marshal Wade.

(Grose.)

When a friend condoled with Pat in tribulation, telling him to bear up, for that life was only a dream. "Ah," said Pat, "that's very good of your Honor to comfort me, and it would only that I'm so often troubled with waking to the uncomfortable facts." There was an old commentator, whose works are forgotten now, who praised the divine goodness for always making the largest rivers flow hard by the most populous cities. There was a Frenchman, we find from the "Longueruna" (122), who said angrily, when told that the king had sent to Rome to buy antiques, "Why can't we make them here for ourselves?"

A contributor to *Notes and Queries* said that Peter Cunningham's "Letters of Walpole" was the only complete edition, "though by no means what that gentleman might have made it."

One of the funniest absurdities of expression seems to have been elicited from the superfine politeness of a foreign correspondent of our Royal Society. In writing to them, he speaks of the earthquake that had the honor to be noticed by them. How gratifying to the earthquake, say of Lisbon, to find its efforts and great exertions thus appreciated by science. Guizot, in his French synonyms, repeats the neat distinction drawn by Girard: "On est *dne* par disposition d'esprit, et *ignorant* pas défaut d'instruction." Hear-

ing the Sphinx mentioned in company, an Irishman whispered into his friend's ear, "The Sphinx! Who is that?" "A monster, man." "Och, a *Munster man*; I had no idee he was of Connaught."

In his chapter on practical bulls, Edgeworth is himself very amusing. He declares, in his helter-skelter way, although he has been dealing largely with Irish bulls all along, that he has *not* been successful in finding Irish bulls, but we will now look for them in conduct, for (although he has not proved so) "the Irish may be said to act as well as utter bulls." He adds sarcastically a hope to "find them unmatched by the blunders of all other nations." To establish this he produces three instances. But his argument constitutes a bull in itself, for only one is Irish; the second is English; the third is Hyder Ali's, and therefore Indian. His Irish one is capital. In the Rebellion they were very angry with a banker, so they collected all his notes that they could get together, and in dire revenge made a bonfire of them. That evening the banker was heard praying fervently in the bank parlor for his enemies, who had done for him what his best friends had never thought of doing.

We will now give a few specimens from great authors, and so close. We have shown that Homer can nod into a bull. So our Victor Hugo; for when the delegates of Paris workmen returned from the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, they sent him an invitation, which he refused, being busy with his "Appeal on behalf of Serbia;" still in his *empressement* to serve liberty and the cause of insubordination everywhere, he telegraphed his sympathy to them in an epigrammatic confusion of epithets — saying he sent them "a grasp of the hand from the bottom of his heart" (*poignée de main*). Pope says that "Homer has swallowed up the honor of those who succeeded him." Shall we call this a papal bull? In the very name Roman Catholic, Milton finds a papal bull:—

And whereas the Papist boasts himself to be a Roman Catholic, it is a mere contradiction, one of the Pope's bulls, as if he should say universal particular, a catholic schismatic (Milton On True Religion, p. 562. Fletcher's Ed.).

But there is another bull in Pope's "Essay on Criticism":—

When first young Maro in his noble mind
A work t' *outlast immortal* Rome designed.

Was it not the *grand mot* of Napoleon by which he expressed his *petitesse* that

he had banished the word *impossible* from the French dictionary — much as he cut England out of his map of Europe? But both the word and our island remain unexpunged in every other edition. The islanders, too, performed the quite impossible feat of overcoming his *Invincibles*. Dumont tells us that Mirabeau esteemed the word *impossible* to be foolish. "Never use," he said to his secretary, "that foolish word again in my presence." Like Mirabeau himself, Napoleon appropriated ideas whenever they suited him. In this case he only plagiarized a plagiarist; you cannot wrong such a one.

Lord Chatham, in a fit of the gout, received one of the admirals in his sick room only to be told that to get the required expedition afloat was "impossible." "It must sail, sir, this day week," was the eagle-eyed man's fire-flashing reply. As he rose from his chair, the beaded perspiration bursting from his forehead with the agony caused him as he firmly planted the gouty foot upon the floor, and suiting the action to the word, added, "I trample on impossibilities." He fell back fainting, but he conveyed his lesson, and the fleet sailed. If all orators could follow up words with actions so intense as this, their art would grow respectable. Chatham in this, and in much else done by him and said, is the only perfect orator perhaps that men have ever known. Demosthenes may have surpassed him in words, and Cicero in wit, but in action, which the old men set such store by, Chatham is first and alone. Chatham in action is a god compared with them; for by action they understood sculpturesque and histrionic propriety of pose only. Our Chatham bent words and *action* in his own person to heroic deeds. This is to be a man, and not that helpless, word-pattering machine that telephones the voice and views of other men back to them, which commonly is called an orator. That immoral character cultivating persuasion to get applause out of it will preach "downwards" if the multitudinous swine turn but the snout to the easy bent that leads them to destruction.

Reynolds, in his eulogium, 1783, embalming the memory of G. M. Mozer, the Academician, writes, "He may truly be said in every sense to have been the father of the present race of artists." This reminds one of Charles II., who, when they told him that he was called the "father of his people," laughed, and said that "he was indeed of a good many of them."

Locke, in his "Essay concerning Human Understanding," puts out a very curi-

ous argument on personal identity, wherein one of the semi-absurd suppositions is, "If Socrates and the present mayor of Queenborough agree that they are the same person." How the two could agree to a proposition so foolish we need not discuss. But as Socrates has been so long dead, the only witness to the agreement, we may be sure, was Locke's "present mayor of Queenborough;" and if he chooses, on Plato's doctrine of reminiscence, to assert that he is the same person as Socrates, we shall feel inclined to say that he is the first person in the world who has proved Socrates to be an ass.

Milton abounds with bold contradictions:—

Who shall tempt with *wandering feet*
The dark *unbottomed* infinite abyss,
And through the *palpable* obscure find out
His uncouth way?

Again we read:—

Yet from those flames
No light; but rather *darkness visible*.

Or when in "Samson Agonistes" we read:—

As in a land of darkness, yet in light
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable,
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.

When Campbell wrote his Irish ballad of "O'Connor's Child"—better, as they say, than any Irishman ever wrote—he became so truly Hibernian as to glide into the perpetration of an unconscious bull. He puts this line into the mouth of a blind man, "Nor refused my last crust to his *pitiful face*," which, by the nature of the case, he could not see.

Swift had been told that his beadle at St. Patrick's was a poet, Seward tells us, so the next day being the 5th November, the dean sent for him and insisted that he should make some verses on it, and this was the result, apparently impromptu:—

To-night's the day, I speak it with great
sorrow,
That we were all to have been blown up
to-morrow.

Whilst referring to the bulls of very great men, let us not forget Mr. Dillon's recent perpetration, in which, speaking of his friends, he said that "they had seen themselves filling paupers' graves." This, as was noticed at the time, rivals the masterpieces of Sir Boyle Roche, one of which was, "Why, Mr. Speaker, honorable members never come down to this House without expecting to find their mangled remains lying on the table."

C. A. WARD.

From The Scottish Review.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.*

MRS. OLIPHANT has written a singularly interesting, and indeed fascinating, biography of her distant kinsman. That it is also picturesque need hardly be said. It was scarcely possible that the biography of the author of "Haifa" and "Episodes in a Life of Adventure" could be otherwise, especially when proceeding from the hand of so skilful and sympathetic a writer as the author of the lives of Edward Irving and Principal Tulloch. The story of his outward life, of his wanderings and adventures in almost every quarter of the globe, Mr. Oliphant has himself told us in several charming and delightful volumes, and in others he has given us hints and indications of the mysteries of his deeper and hidden life, and sometimes large passages in which he has unveiled them more or less distinctly. It is with this latter side of his nature that the present volumes are more particularly occupied. Comparatively little is said of his travels and adventures, and very little of his writings. The "Memoir" is for the most part taken up with unfolding the growth and development of that inward and spiritual side of his life which made him so strangely incomprehensible to the majority of those who were acquainted with him, and to all appearance, notwithstanding the many favoring circumstances with which he was surrounded, wrecked a career which bore every promise of being exceedingly useful and brilliant. There are many things in the volumes which are singularly perplexing. Mrs. Oliphant owns her inability to explain them, and most readers will in all probability do the same. Yet it is the passages in which these same strange and enigmatical things occur, that give to the "Memoir" the main part of its piquancy and attraction. They are wonderfully suggestive, sometimes startlingly so, and present us with a series of psychological puzzles, to which at present there seems to be no adequate solution.

Laurence Oliphant was born at Cape Town in 1829, where his father, Anthony Oliphant, the second son of the Laird of Condie, was attorney-general. His mother was Maria Campbell, the daughter of Colonel Campbell of the 72nd Highlanders. Both the father and the mother were in their way notable. The latter, we are told, was "full of the vivacity

and character which descended to her son," while the father is said to have been "a man of much individual power and originality, an excellent lawyer and trusted official." Both of them were devoutly religious, much given to self-examination and self-reproaching, and though obliged from their position to mingle in the gaieties and seductions of the world, abhorring them, and often rebuking themselves for the agreeable manner in which they found them appealing to their social instincts. Laurence was their only child. Both of them were passionately attached to him, and their chief anxiety was to train him in the way of godliness. In 1839, the home at Cape Town was broken up. Sir Anthony was transferred to the chief justiceship of Ceylon, and his wife and child sailed for England, partly on account of Lady Oliphant's health and partly for the education of Laurence. A letter written soon after this, when the chief justice had settled down to his new duties and had had time to look about him, gives us a charming glimpse into his character and of the relations existing between him and his son. In it, the chief justice writes to his ten year old child almost as if he were an equal, tells him of his loneliness and of his longing to see "Lowry" and his mother — of his backslidings, how he had become careless in his speech, and had used bad words thoughtlessly — how he had found a friend in "an officer who was tall and thin, like Robert Baillie, of the 72nd," — and how the letter is written "for my son's welfare, and that mamma may know that there is somebody here who will love and take care of papa when she is far away." All this — and there is much more in a similar strain — is scarcely what we should expect a chief justice to write, but there is a charming simplicity and frankness about it. It reveals the character of the boy's father, and the intimate relations which already existed between them. Lady Oliphant's letters to little Lowry about the same time, when he was absent from her at Mr. Parr's school at Durnford Manor, near Salisbury, are interesting for similar reasons. In one she asks him to speak to her as he used to do, and to tell her his besetting sins, and he replies: "One of them is my not saying my prayers as I ought, hurrying over them to get up in the morning because I am late, and at night because it is cold; another is my hiding what I do naughty, and keeping it from Mr. Parr's eyes, not thinking the eye of God is upon me, a greater eye than man's; and another,

* *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his wife.* By M. O. W. Oliphant. Two volumes. Edinburgh and London, 1891.

my cribbing things from other boys, which is another word for stealing — not exactly stealing, but leads to it." And then leaving his religious introspection, he goes on to say, with a touch of very natural vexation: "I am such a horrid sumer[arithmetician]; it is that that gets me down in my class so much. I was perfectly beaten last week, for they brought me down from top to bottom." But the chief thing with Lady Oliphant was the state of his conscience. From his infancy he had been surrounded with an atmosphere of religion, and trained to turn his thoughts inward and subject himself to a careful moral scrutiny. This, together with the predisposition which he inherited from his parents, who both practised the methods of the Evangelicalism of the time, must have had a great influence in determining much of his subsequent career.

In 1841 Lady Oliphant joined her husband in Ceylon, and left her son with Mr. Parr, who had removed to Preston, in Lancashire, where he had accepted a living. But neither she nor the chief justice could endure the strain of separation from him, and orders were soon received in London for him to be sent home with a tutor, to carry on his education. There is a tradition that the telegraphic summons was, "Send out the kid at once." But Mrs. Oliphant sets this aside as "a fond invention of a later day," chiefly for the very good reason that there was then no telegraph. Out, however, Laurence went, accompanied by two boys, the sons of Mr. Moydart, a neighbor at Colombo, and by Mr. Gepp, now vicar of Higher Easton, near Chelmsford, whom Major Oliphant, the boy's uncle, had selected as a tutor for him. "By that time," says Mrs. Oliphant, "Lowry had developed out of the early stage of childhood into an active and lively boy, eager for new experiences, and all the novelty and movement that were to be had. . . . He was between twelve and thirteen, with all his faculties awake, and his whole being agog for novelty and incident, when he set out to join his parents in the late winter of 1841." The journey, of which he has himself given an account, lasted between two and three months, and was not without incident and adventure. There was then no P. and O., and the voyage was frequently interrupted by breakdowns and pauses for repair. One accident led him to Mocha, the first of the many then unfrequented spots which he was afterwards to tread.

At Colombo young Oliphant settled down to his lessons with Mr. Gepp and

the Moydart boys, and to that close companionship with his mother which was to occupy so large a share of his thoughts, and to have so considerable an influence upon his life. The direction of his education she appears to have taken wholly into her own hands, or rather to have placed it in a larger measure in his. She was still a young woman — "there was but eighteen years between us," he used to say — and though Lady Oliphant loved to be obeyed, yet she had from his infancy placed the boy — the "Darling," as his father invariably calls him, with a little affectionate mockery — in a position of influence and equality not perhaps very safe for a child, but always delightful between these two; for the quick-witted and sharp-sighted boy had always a chivalrous tenderness for his mother, even when, as happened sometimes, he found it necessary to keep her in her proper place. In illustration of this Mrs. Oliphant relates the following incident. It "happened one morning when the tutor's scheme of work appearing unsatisfactory to Lady Oliphant, she came into the schoolroom to announce her desire that it should be altered. To do this before the open-eyed and all-observant boys was, perhaps, not very judicious, and the young preceptor was wounded and vexed. There was probably a sirocco, or its equivalent, blowing — that universal excuse for every fault of temper in warm latitudes — and a quarrel was imminent, when Lowry rose from his books and came to the rescue. "Mamma, this is not the right place for you," said the heaven-born *diplomat*, offering her his arm, with the fine manners which, no doubt, she had been at such pains to teach him, and leading her away — no doubt half amused, half pleased, half angry, with the social skill of the boy." The incident is amusing enough; but did not promise much for the authority of the tutor or for Lowry's education.

Of really serious education, young Oliphant, in fact, got little, perhaps none. He did pretty much as he chose, and the direction of what little training or discipline he got was mostly in his own hands. His influence over his parents was remarkable. Their intentions were good; his welfare was their chief anxiety, and they fully purposed to complete his education in the usual way. With a view to this, some time after the incident above related, he was sent again to the care of a tutor in England to be prepared for the university. But before he had entered at the university, or had even well settled

down to work, Sir Anthony unexpectedly arrived in England on a two years' leave of absence. The upshot may be told in the words of the son. "I was on the point of going up to Cambridge at the time," he says in his "Episodes in a Life of Adventure;" "but when he announced that he intended to travel for a couple of years with my mother on the Continent, I represented so strongly the superior advantages from an educational point of view, of European travel over ordinary scholastic training, and my arguments were so urgently backed by my mother, that I found myself to my great delight, transferred from the quiet of a Warwickshire vicarage to the Champs Elysées in Paris; and, after passing the winter there, spent the following year roaming over Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol." It was in 1846 that this new scheme of education, developed in the fertile brains of young Oliphant, and strongly advocated by his mother, was adopted, and "the boy," as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, "turned once for all into the 'rolling stone,' which he continued to be for the rest of his life." He himself, when moving about from place to place, and indulging in all the excitement of travel, used to wonder, he tells us, "whether I was not more usefully and instructively employed than laboring painfully over the differential calculus; and whether the execrable *patois* of the peasants in the Italian valleys, which I took great pains in acquiring, was not likely to be of quite as much use to me in after life as ancient Greek." Perhaps it was, but the question is one which is not easy to answer. It is permissible to believe, however, as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, that "the ancient Greek and the profounder culture might have saved him and the world from some wild dreams of after-life, without diminishing the force and originality of his being." At any rate, it was an experiment worth trying, and one almost feels disposed to regret that the common sense of Sir Anthony, who seems to have opposed this new method of education by contact, was compelled to give way before the vagaries of his son. The world might have lost some degree of originality and brilliancy, but the chances are it would have been more than recompensed by its positive gains.

The journey was full of incident and enjoyment, at least to the youngest member of the party. They crossed the Alps and entered Italy. Just then Italy was seething with excitement, and Oliphant records the "salient features" of his stay

there as "indelibly stamped upon my memory." He had a singular knack of finding out adventures, and when anything more than usual was going on in his neighborhood, he was sure to be found in the thick of it. One night, we are told, he was in the middle of a "yelling crowd" who were holding a political demonstration, pulling at the ropes with which the arms in front of the Austrian Legation at Rome were being torn down and dragged along to a bonfire. On another, he was roused from sleep by the murmur of many voices, and looking out of his window saw a dense crowd moving beneath. To rush into his clothes was the work of a moment, and in another instant he found himself "one of a shrieking, howling mob, at the doors of the Propaganda, against which many blows were being directed by improvised battering rams." "I remember the doors crashing in," he says, "and the mob crashing after them, to find empty cells and deserted corridors, for the monks had sought safety in flight." All this might be very exciting to a rash and impetuous youth, but had it been known that this young abettor of revolution was the son of a distinguished British official, things might have taken a very awkward turn. "However," to use the words of Mrs. Oliphant, "no harm would seem to have come of it, unless, indeed, this first taste of the sweetness of excitement, and the fire of the multitude in motion awakened the latent spark in the mind of one destined to see so much of such movements in after-life."

At the termination of this extraordinary attempt at education, "the remarkable substitute for Cambridge which had commended itself to the Oliphant family," father, mother, and son returned to Ceylon. Here Laurence was appointed secretary to his father, and was soon advanced to the position of a barrister, pleading before the supreme courts, and transacting a good deal of very serious business. In the family circle, we are told, nothing could be done without him. "He was everywhere, in the centre of everything, affectionately contemptuous of papa's powers of taking care of himself, and laying down the law, in delightful ease of lone and unquestioned supremacy, to his mother." When not occupied with business, or writing to Lady Oliphant at Newera Ellia among the hills, or taking her place at "papa's dinner-parties," he was seeking adventure in extensive rambles or shooting expeditions, in which he sometimes ran considerable risk.

A singular destiny, however, seems to have been against his settling down to anything or anywhere. He had not been long in Ceylon before an unusual and interesting visitor touched at it on his return to India from England. This was the Nepaulese minister, Jung Bahadour, who seems to have produced no less a sensation in Ceylon than he did in England. After a few days' acquaintance young Oliphant was invited to accompany him to Nepal. The promise of adventure which the invitation held out, was too strong for one in whom the instinct of the traveller and adventurer was already so well developed, to resist. Remonstrances seem to have come from some of the friends of the Oliphant family against allowing him to go on so wild an expedition; but his own wishes carried the day, and he left Ceylon with his new friend in December, 1850. Of his adventures he has himself given a vivid sketch, but quite as interesting are the letters which he wrote to his mother during the journey. Here he writes, more freely, recounting his flirtations, asking his mother to write him "a letter of good advice, as I want it now, and certainly shall by the time I shall get it." In one letter he startles her with the question, "How would you like a Roman Catholic daughter-in-law?" In another he intimates with much delight that of the assembled party he alone could "polk." He re-opens a third to describe a hunt. In one he says, "I have taken to making love furiously, as I know I am going away immediately." In others, and even in the same, notwithstanding their fun and gaiety, he turns to more serious matters, evidently induced to do so by his mother's inquiries after his spiritual condition. In one, he writes: "It is difficult to practise habits of self-examination riding upon an elephant, with a companion who is always talking or singing within a few feet, but it is otherwise in a palkee, which is certainly a dull means of conveyance, but forces one into one's self more than anything." The conclusion he comes to about himself is that his great weakness is "flexibility of conscience, joined to a power of adapting myself to the society into which I may happen to be thrown." He then goes on to give the following account of its origin: "It originated, I think, in a wish to be civil to everybody, and a regard for people's feelings, and has degenerated into a selfish habit of being agreeable to them simply to suit my own convenience. I think I can be firm enough when I have an object to gain, and have not even the

excuse of being so easily led as I used to think. I am only led when it is to pay, which is a most sordid motive—in fact, the more I see of my own character, the more despicable it appears, as being so deeply hypocritical that I can hardly trust myself; hence arose a disinclination even to speak about myself. How blind one is to one's own interest not to see that, putting it on one's own ground, it would pay much better to be an upright, God-fearing man than anything else! Fortunately religion is a thing that one cannot acquire from such a motive, or I am sure I should have done so before this." Confessions of this kind would doubtless be pleasing to his parents, more especially to his mother. They were evidently sincere. He ends by hoping "there is no humbug in it," and says "it is honest as far as I know, but don't believe in it implicitly." In another letter, on the other hand, he is disposed to defend his "flexibility of conscience." As to his tendency to be agreeable and sympathetic, he tells his mother, "I inherit it from your side of the house evidently. But the tendency I see to be bad in fact." Here and there, too, in these letters there are chance references to his father, who is still "papa to the home-loving adventurer." "There is no such travelling companion," the young man says, "as his papa. The men of his own age are as nice fellows as can be, whom he delights to emulate in every bodily exercise, to win a genial triumph over either in the elephant-hunt or the new polka, making a friendship for life out of a ball-room rivalry; but, after all, there is nobody like his father for real companionship."

This rapid and brilliant rush through India was the beginning both of his life of adventure and of his literary career. On his return he found it impossible to settle down in Ceylon to the routine of official existence, and before many weeks had elapsed he and Lady Oliphant were on their way to England; he to take up the study of law, and his mother to await the period fixed for her husband's retirement from his chief justiceship. On their arrival in London Oliphant appears to have lost no time in beginning his legal studies. Lincoln's Inn was selected, mainly it would appear, on the ground that he had been assured that in consideration of his previous studies and practical experience in Ceylon, he might there be very speedily called to the bar. There is not much evidence, however, that he was animated by any serious desire to fit himself for his

profession, or that he was much in earnest. He hoped to get through somehow, but with as little labor as possible. "I think," he says, "if I get up the two or three books necessary for acquiring a proper knowledge of mercantile law, including bills of exchange, together with the law of evidence, pleading and real property may take care of themselves." One part of his studies, that which consisted in eating so many dinners, he thoroughly enjoyed. In a letter dated November 24th, 1851, he gives an amusing description of his first:—

I have eaten some stringy boiled beef at Lincoln's Inn Hall in company with three hundred others, not one soul of whom I had ever seen before; but I unhesitatingly talked to my next neighbor, and soon, by dropping in an unconcerned manner remarks upon a tiger I knocked over here, and a man I defended for murder there, talking learnedly about Ceylon affairs, etc., incited the curiosity of those whose reserve would not otherwise have allowed them to notice me, too much to let them remain silent. Still I felt rather verdant on first entering, and was only saved from sitting down at the table appropriated to barristers by hearing one man remark he was not going to sit there, as so-and-so was his senior; so I concluded that if he was *his* senior, he was most certainly mine, and choosing the youngest-looking man I could find, I seated myself next to him.

His brilliant conversational gifts soon made him a favorite in society. He grew enamored of life in London, and boasted of its advantages. "It will require no common inducement," he said in one of his letters at the time, "to make me ever return to Ceylon. Life is not long enough to waste the best part of it by living away from all the advantages which civilization affords, to break up all the ties one may have formed, and which can never be reunited, to be destitute as well of the means of improvement as of common information upon every-day topics." Among other things he took to politics, became "a friend of the people," and began to give a hand in the benevolent work which was then going on in the slums of Westminster. But Lincoln's Inn moved much too slowly for him. Before he had been a year there he resolved to try the Scotch bar, and by the summer of 1852 he had taken up his quarters in Edinburgh, and was busy "cramming." He continued, however, to eat his dinners in Lincoln's Inn, and when in London returned to his missionary efforts in the slums.

In 1852 he set out on his journey through Russia, and made his famous visit

to the Crimea. The success of his first venture as an author which had lately appeared, had made him ambitious for further, and he began to be on the outlook for "something to write about." At the same time he was in quest of sport and adventure. He decided therefore "to go to some out-of-the-way place and do something that nobody else had done." "The only part of Europe within reach fulfilling the required conditions," he tells us in the "Episodes," "seemed to me to be Russian Lapland, for I had heard from an Archangel merchant that the Kem and other rivers in that region swarmed with guileless salmon, who had never been offered a fly, and that it would be easy to cross over to Spitzbergen and get a shot at some white bears." But when he and his companion, Mr. Oswald Smith, reached St. Petersburg, the Russian officials interposed, and instead of offering flies to the guileless salmon of Russian Lapland, the two young men sent home their sporting equipment, and turned their steps southwards. They visited Moscow, attended the great fair at Nijni Novgorod, and embarked on the Volga, and sailing down it, disembarked at Tsaitzin, on its right bank, not far from Astracan. They rode thence through the country of the Don Cossacks to the Sea of Azof, and crossing over this entered the Crimea, and made their way to Sebastopol. The Crimea was then an unknown country, and Sebastopol a mysterious city, of which many legends but no definite information had reached the world. At Odessa the young travellers left Russia and returned home by the Danube. Little sport had been obtained, but the purpose of getting "something to write about" had been triumphantly achieved, as the following year proved when the experiences of the journey were laid before the public in the "Russian Shores of the Black Sea." "I owed the Russian authorities at St. Petersburg," he says in the "Episodes," "a debt of the deepest gratitude for the journey thus forced upon us in default of a better, as the book which I wrote describing it, and especially the Crimea, appeared at the moment that war was declared by England against Russia, and a military expedition, which should have for its objective point the Tauric peninsula, had been decided upon." One, perhaps the main, result, so far as he himself was concerned, was that he was introduced to the notice of the government. "In the early part of the year 1854," he says, "I was startled one morning by the clattering of a mounted

orderly, who rained up at the door of my modest lodging in Half Moon Street, and impressed my worthy landlady with a notion of my importance which she had not hitherto entertained, by handing her a letter which required an immediate answer." The letter proved to be from Lord Raglan's chief of the staff, asking him to repair at once to the Horse Guards. On his arrival there he was introduced to the presence of a number of generals, and interrogated by Lord de Ros, Sir John Burgoyne, and others, as to his knowledge of the Crimea and Sebastopol. His information was of course of the utmost value, and was readily given, and with that facility and self-confidence which appear to have characterized him all through in such matters, he also developed before the council his ideas of what ought to be done.

The immediate prospect of war in the East led him to abandon his legal studies once for all. Mr. Delane offered him the post of *Times* correspondent with the expeditionary force, but he was anxious for employment in the campaign under government, and Lord Clarendon seems to have undertaken to send him out as soon as opportunity arose. Meantime Lord Elgin, on his appointment to the Washington mission, offered him the post of private secretary, a post which he accepted, he tells us, "in the hope that I might be back in time to find employment in the East before the war was over." Contrary to expectation in America, the mission was soon over, and was "tremendously triumphant." "We have signed a stunning treaty," Oliphant wrote, though its opponents were afterwards in the habit of saying that "it had been floated through on champagne," a statement, it would appear, not altogether void of truth. From Washington Oliphant accompanied Lord Elgin to Canada, where he was appointed superintendent-general of Indian affairs, much to his own surprise, and not without strong opposition both in the Canadian press and in the service. The post, however, was not permanent, and notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, he managed to discharge its duties with considerable success.

All during his absence he was, of course, in frequent communication with Lady Oliphant, who followed him with the utmost anxiety as to his spiritual welfare. His letters to her are full of gaiety, and charmingly frank. Now and then her questions touch him to the quick and he falls into a state of despondency. "Lord Elgin," he

tells her, "says he never knows what I am at, at one moment going to the extreme end of gaiety, at another, to disgust and despondency. . . . He sees my twinges of conscience, and asked me the other day whether I was going to lay all the sins I seemed so much oppressed with at his door." At another time, Lord Elgin said to him: "All these comments of yours upon our proceedings distress me very much. After all, we are only amusing people, and if you have got anything to repent of, I wish you'd wait and do it on board ship!" Lord Elgin, in fact, seems to have been greatly perplexed, perhaps partly amused and partly irritated, by the changeable moods of his young secretary. If he was, it is not to be wondered at. Oliphant's letters at the time are a curious mixture of gaiety and pious meditation. Here and there one comes across an odd bit of casuistry. After exclaiming: "Flesh and blood can't stand the temptation of such hosts of charming girls," an outcry which Mrs. Oliphant tells us was not at all intended to be humorous — he goes on to say: "There is a class of sins which are very difficult to resist, because you cannot put your finger upon the exact point where they become sins. Now, for instance, a certain degree of intimacy with young ladies is no harm; and it is difficult to define where flirting begins, or what amount even of joking and laughing, though perfectly innocent, is not expedient, and one gets led imperceptibly on without feeling the harm that is being done to both parties until it is too late. As I told you before, I am not in any degree involved in anything; but I dare say I should be if I stayed; or, as an alternative, become more utterly heartless in these matters than I am already." The point is a nice one and deserves discussion, but here it is apparently discussed only to be set aside, for he immediately turns to a lively description of the setting in of a Canadian winter.

The year 1855 saw Oliphant in England without employment and proposing to Lord Clarendon that he should be sent on a mission to Schmayl, for the purpose, if possible, of concocting some scheme with that chieftain by which combined operations could be carried on, either with the Turkish contingent, which was then just organized by General Vivian, or with the regular Turkish army. What Lord Clarendon thought of the proposal we do not know. He seems, however, to have been unwilling to commit himself, and to get rid both of the project and its author, hit

upon the plan of sending the latter to Constantinople with a letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. This letter Oliphant imagined authorized the ambassador to send him to Daghestan, where Schamyl had his stronghold; but Lord Stratford de Redcliffe seems to have thought otherwise. Instead of sending him off to Daghestan or even mentioning the project Oliphant was so eager to carry out, he invited him to go with him to the seat of war, whither he was then on the point of starting in his yacht; and when at last a mission to Circassia was resolved upon, he sent not Oliphant, but Mr. Alison, one of his own staff. All the same Oliphant managed to get to Circassia, not however as an agent of the British government, but as the companion of the Duke of Newcastle, and with the vanguard of the force sent thither under Omar Pasha. While there he saw some fighting, had one or two narrow escapes, and enjoyed himself immensely. But his delight was a little tempered by compunctions as to his mother's alarms. His letters to her are as frank as ever. He comforts her by saying that his letters to the *Times* bring him in "lots of tin," and while recounting his adventures, tries to minimize the dangers to which he has been exposed as much as possible. He is at the greatest pains to assure her, that he has no intention of being a soldier, and that, though surprised into warlike acts and often taking great delight in them, he always acts with the greatest prudence. "I hope you give me credit for prudence now," he writes, after telling how, in about three hours, he had thrown up "no end of a battery" within a few hundred yards of the enemy, "and will trust me. I assure you I was in a horrible fright at getting shot, entirely on your account, and I don't recommend a man to come to fight if he has got anybody at home who loves him. I don't think he can do his duty. If it had not been for you, I should have taken an active part in the affair. Altogether, though it was in some respects a horrible experience, I am glad to have seen it." His "flexibility of conscience" still stuck to him. From Sugdidi he wrote: "I am very jolly here—such a pretty place—only we can't plunder. It is a great temptation. I don't wonder at soldiers going to all lengths. One does not feel it is a bit wrong. I put a fine cock in my pocket this morning. I would have given his owner anything he asked if I could have found him; but if we don't forage we get nothing but rice and biscuits to live on. I should not plunder anything

but food, and that I don't call anything." "I am not sure," he goes on to say, "that I am not happier occupied as my mind is now. It is when I have time to think much that doubts arise. When I just say my prayers and read a text earnestly, and then go and gallop about and am in hard, healthful exercise, I feel much better in mind and body. I feel my mind much more innocent and less bothered and perplexed; but I am afraid this is wrong, and that one's occupation ought to be God's work, and not what papa calls playing one's self."

At the conclusion of the war he was again in London, waiting on fortune, impatient of his want of progress, and ready to go anywhere. During the summer of 1856, he went with Mr. Delane of the *Times* to America; and when the business, which he does not describe, but speaks of as likely to put a thousand pounds in his pocket, was over, he turned his steps to the Southern States. At New Orleans he "accepted a free passage to Nicaragua, in a ship conveying reinforcements to Walker's army" of filibusters. Fortunately for him, when the said ship came to the mouth of the San Juan, it was stopped by a "British squadron lying at anchor to keep the peace," and boarded by one of the captains. A chance remark of Oliphant's discovered his nationality, and he was incontinently transferred on board the *Orion* to give an account of himself to Admiral Erskine. As usual, he fell on his feet. Admiral Erskine and he turned out to be distant cousins, and instead of suffering for "his wild and unjustifiable undertaking, he found himself in comfortable and amusing quarters."

In the beginning of 1857, Lord Elgin, who had been appointed head of the mission to China, asked Oliphant to return to the post of private secretary to him. The position was, as before, temporary. He was not recognized as a servant of the Foreign Office, nor as a member of the diplomatic staff. Still, the position gave him employment, and carried with it the prospect of better things. It is soon after this that we begin to hear of his spiritual and mystical notions. He began to talk of them, we are told, to the young men who were in attendance upon the minister, as they lounged about the deck with their cigars, under the soft tropical night. What these notions were does not precisely appear. There is no trace of them in his letters. Another change is at this time also to be noted in him. According to Mrs. Oliphant, it would seem that during

the interval between this and his former secretaryship he had "completely burst the strait bonds of his mother's evangelical views, then holding him lightly," and "come to something like a tenable foundation for his personal belief—which differed much from that in which he had been trained, yet which he was very anxious to prove to be a most real rule of life."

Of his adventures while accompanying this mission, so brilliant and important, he has himself written in one of his most readable and entertaining books. His letters, especially those to Lady Oliphant, while bright and picturesque as usual, are much fuller of religious views and feelings. All manner of theological topics are discussed in them. He describes his doubts and difficulties, and the conclusions he has come to, and gives expression to his indignant disapproval of the different types of Christianity with which he was acquainted. His chief guide in theology appears to have been Theodore Parker, and in philosophy, Morell. Singularly enough, too, "he finds a pleasure in Longfellow which Tennyson does not convey." His preference for Parker and Longfellow, and the time at which the change took place, would seem to show that his early association with America had much to do with his severance from the theological opinion in which he had been trained. Anyhow, from the beginning of the China mission onward, his first and last thought appears to have been religion, and the letters written after his departure for the East show that his mind was "seething with dissatisfaction and eager desire after a better way." The philosophy in which he indulges in these letters is somewhat curiously unphilosophical, and one begins to see that, after all, a course of study on the old-fashioned lines might have proved more advantageous than "education by contact." At the same time, while pouring out his religious reflections and confessions, he does not fail to sprinkle here and there in his letters, accounts of the other side of his life. From these it is clear that he was still the same "versatile, delightful, gay, adventurous young man, who was ready for everything—the ball-room and the council-chamber and the smoking-room," that whenever anything exciting was on the way he was always in the front, and that, notwithstanding his desire to be credited with prudence and caution, Lady Oliphant's alarms were not without cause, nor her gentle reproofs unneeded. In reply to a letter in which

he is blamed for exposing himself unnecessarily at Canton, he allows that he was wrong, and then amusingly defends himself by saying: "But it involves a greater act of self-denial than any I know to refrain from going to see anything approaching to a fight, and though in principle I utterly disapprove of war, when it comes to, 'Away there, second cutters!' human nature can't resist jumping in, whatever good resolutions one may have formed to the contrary."

The China mission ended, he accompanied Lord Elgin to Japan and then returned home, to find his mother a widow. In reference to his father's death, Mrs. Oliphant tells a curious story, which is not without parallels. "It was, I think," she says, "at one of the ports of Ceylon—a place so associated with him—that Laurence received the news. Sir Anthony's death was entirely unexpected, and occurred, I believe, at a dinner-party to which he had gone in his usual health. I have been told that, being at sea at the time, Laurence came on deck one morning and informed his comrades that he had seen his father in the night, and that he was dead—that they endeavored to laugh him out of the impression, but in vain. The date was taken down, and on their arrival in England it was found that Sir Anthony Oliphant had indeed died on that night." Sir Anthony's death made the union between mother and son more close and all-absorbing than ever, but it did not quiet the restlessness of the latter nor keep him in England. The spirit of adventure, however, was not altogether to blame for this. He hoped to establish himself in the diplomatic service near home, but no appointment coming, and impatient of waiting, in 1860, when the Italian revolution broke out, he took part in it, in the hope, it would seem, of becoming an important agent in the movement, and always in pursuit of "something to write about." At last, when an appointment did come, and he went out to Japan as first secretary of legation, some unlucky and serious wounds, which he received when the Legation at Yeddo was attacked, compelled him to abandon his post after he had been at it but ten days, and to return to England. On his recovery, he resumed his wanderings. At Vienna, in 1862, he met the Prince of Wales and his suite on their way to the Holy Land, and was invited to accompany them as far as Corfu. From Greece he passed to Herzegovina, and thence to Italy. In 1863 he saw something of the Polish in-

surrection, and was subsequently present at the battle which settled the fate of Schleswig-Holstein. In 1864 he returned home more or less "for good," apparently with the intention of entering Parliament. He coquetted with several constituencies, and at the election in 1865 was returned by the Stirling Burghs, which he had already unsuccessfully contested during his father's lifetime. This for a time brought his wanderings to an end. He settled in London, and along with Sir Algernon Borthwick and others started the *Owl*. It was during the same period also that "Piccadilly" appeared in *Blackwood*. In Parliament Oliphant was a failure. His only achievement was to assist in forming the Tea-Room Cave, the object of which was to pass the Reform Bill introduced by Mr. Disraeli at all hazards.

Meantime he was preparing for that decisive step which completely altered his career and made him so great a mystery to his friends. In 1867 he became a disciple or dupe of Harris, an American impostor, and went over to Brocton, where he surrendered himself and his property into the hands of the "Father," in order to learn how to "live the life." But here we must let his biographer speak:—

The next communication I had from Laurence [says Mrs. Oliphant], was dated from Liverpool. He was just about to sail for America, having given up everything that had previously tempted him—his position, his prospects, politics, literature, society, every personal possession and hope. A universal cry of consternation followed this disappearance, expressed half in regret for the deluded one (who was so little like an ordinary victim of delusion), and half in scorn of his prophet, the wretched fanatic, the vulgar mystic, who had got hold of him by what wonderful wiles or for what evil purposes who could say? A man who thus abandons the world for religious motives is almost sure, amid the wide censure that is inevitable, to encounter also a great deal of contempt; yet had he become a monk, either Roman or Anglican, a faint conception of his desire to save his soul might have penetrated the universal mind; but he did not do anything so comprehensible. He went into no convent, no place of holy traditions, but far away into the wild to "live the life," as he himself said, to work with his hands for his daily bread, giving up everything he possessed; in no tragic mood, from no shock of failure or disappointment, but with the cheerfulness and light-heartedness that were characteristic of him, and that sense of the humorous which in living or dying never forsook him. He knew what everybody would say,—the jibes, the witty remarks, the keen shafts of censure, the mocking with which his exit from the world would

be received by those whom he left behind. He saw, indeed, so to speak, the fun of it in other eyes, even when he felt in his own soul the extreme seriousness of the step he was taking. He disappeared, as if he had gone down forever in the great sea which he had traversed to reach his new home and new life. The billows closed over him as completely; and for three years he was as if he had never been.

A more extraordinary step it is difficult to conceive. The change in his mode of life was complete. He was set to clean out a large cattle shed or stable, and for days and weeks was kept wheeling barrows of dirt and rubbish from morning to night in perfect loneliness. Often after his day's work was finished, and he went to his rude lodging at nine o'clock dead beat, he was sent out to draw water for household purposes for a couple of hours, or he was kept up all night casting out or "holding" against "the infernals," with which some member of the Brocton community was supposed to be "infested." Later on the brilliant conversationalist and accomplished diplomatist, who had been summoned to Windsor and consulted by statesmen on grave questions of foreign policy, was driving a team, cadding strawberries, or doing business in Wall Street in the interest of his spiritual adviser and Father. After three years of this, he was permitted to return to Europe. He came back "with his head high and his eyes full of keen wit and spirit as of old," telling the tale of his incompetence as a farm-laborer, and taking no pains to hide his satisfaction at having finished his probation and obtained release. At the time the Franco-German war was going on, and though liable at any moment to be summoned to America at the caprice of the Father, he went over to France as the representative of the *Times*. In 1872 he married Miss Alice le Strange, who had already become imbued with his own faith and surrendered the whole of her property unreservedly into the hands of Harris. Shortly afterwards they set out to join the community at Brocton. There the marriage had been at first strenuously opposed, and then reluctantly assented to. From the moment of their arrival the treatment they received at the hands of the community, or rather from Harris, was extremely harsh. The object of it was to destroy their mutual affection, and, if possible, nullify the marriage. At least the idea was propounded that it was not a true marriage of "counterparts," and therefore could have no reality or sacred-

ness. The two were separated and sent to distant parts. Their faith in Harris, however, though shaken, continued. After a while the Father deemed it politic to treat them with more consideration, and the two returned to Europe. In 1881 Oliphant returned to Brocton to satisfy himself as to the health of Lady Oliphant, who also had joined the community, and, in order to learn how to "live the life," had been chiefly occupied in washing pocket-handkerchiefs. He found her in broken health, and troubled in heart and faith. The poor lady did not live long, but the revelations she made to her son respecting the Father were such that his eyes were at last opened to the extent to which he had been deceived. The discovery affected him almost more powerfully than Lady Oliphant's death, the approach of which neither he nor she could then believe to be possible. He passed through a period of suffering and mental conflict which had no parallel in his previous life, but in the end both he and his wife were emancipated from the long and strange tyranny to which they had voluntarily submitted in the hope of learning to "live the life." Neither of them, however, cared to return to their old ways. After a short stay in London, they went to Constantinople, where "Altiora Peto" was written, and took part in the movement then going on for the settlement of the persecuted Jews of Wallachia and Galicia in Palestine. Towards the end of 1882, they settled at Haifa, "a small, bright Syrian town lying on the western edge of the Bay of Acre," which has since become so closely associated with their name. Here, on January 2nd, 1886, five years after the death of his mother, death deprived him of his wife. "He, too," says Mrs. Oliphant, "was stricken with the fever which had killed her, but not enough to give him the happy fate of going with her to the eternal shores. The terrible blank which we have all to bear fell upon Laurence for a few brief but awful days. He lost her from his side, her helping-hand from his, her inspiring voice. But only for a few days. One night, when he lay sick and sorrowful upon his bed in the desolate house at Haifa, a sudden rush of renewed health and vigor and joy came upon the mourner. The moment of complete union had come at last; his Alice had returned to him, into his very bosom, into his heart and soul, bringing with her all the fulness of a new life, and chasing away the clouds of sorrow like the morning vapors before the rising sun." Two years later, he mar-

ried Miss Rosamond Dale Owen, and died a few weeks later.

The character of Laurence Oliphant is exceedingly difficult to account for. As exhibited in his letters, more especially in those which he addressed to Lady Oliphant and his intimate friends, it is laid open without reserve. The same remark is true of the passages in his writings in which he speaks of himself. That he posed, or was vain, or ever consciously attempted to represent himself otherwise than he was, or felt that he was at the time of writing, are suggestions that may be set aside as without foundation. His openness and sincerity may be regarded as perfectly unquestionable. Opener or sincerer souls are rare. The difficulty is not to describe his character, but to account for it. Its different elements are obvious, but how they came to co-exist in the same mind is the puzzle. He was sharp, shrewd, clever, a keen observer of others, quick to discern their faults, foibles, and even pretences, and a remarkably capable man of business, and yet in some respects he was extremely credulous. In fact, he had two natures, neither of which was penetrated or controlled by the other. To all appearance they were completely separate, as completely separate, that is, as it is possible for any two sides of one and the same being to be — a separation, it strikes us, which the methods of the evangelicalism in which he was brought up have always a tendency to produce. The versatility and strength of his intellectual, or what we might call his superficial or ordinary self are obvious. Had he brought the same shrewdness and penetration to bear upon the matters of his deeper and religious life that he exhibited in Wall Street or in most of his business transactions elsewhere, things would have gone very differently with him; but this was precisely what he failed to do. In matters of religion he trusted, at least during the latter part of his life, when he had broken away from the faith in which he had been trained, wholly to his intuitions. They were unquestionably very high, and of the noblest and most unselfish kind; but he forgot that before they can be acted upon, even the best of intuitions require to be subjected to the most careful scrutiny and revision. Hence his unfortunate relations with Harris and the Brocton community. There can be no doubt that he was perfectly sincere, and that he was thoroughly convinced that he was only doing what was right; but the use of a little of that worldly wisdom of

which he made so conspicuous a use in many other matters of less concern, would, in all probability, have made him pause before placing himself, and still more before inducing Lady Oliphant and his wife to place themselves so completely in the hands of a man so utterly irresponsible and with so few credentials to trustworthiness as Harris. When he did begin to use it, and saw his mother's ring upon the hand of one of the Father's household, his eyes were opened, and he at once broke with him. Some of his idiosyncracies, both of conduct and character, may be attributed also, at least in some measure, to his highly wrought sensitiveness, to the want of a more rigid discipline in his youth, and to his habit of self-examination. His subjection to his sympathies, or to speak in the language of the sect, his sensitiveness to magnetic influence—which, after all, is only the influence of one mind over another more sympathetic and impressionable than itself—was almost uncontrolled. The impulse of the moment was everything with him. Arising out of a nature singularly pure and unselfish, they as a rule kept him right; but however pure and unselfish one's motives may be, they are not sufficient for the conduct of life. Common prudence is requisite, and the neglect to use the faculty of looking behind and before, or to act without due consideration of the issues involved, or the warnings which reflection holds out, even though they wear something of the aspect of selfishness, is sooner or later avenged either in extravagance of conduct or in something worse. Good motives are excellent, but before they can be implicitly trusted or raised to the highest efficiency as guides to conduct, they require to be mixed with common sense and the purest light of reflection and judgment. Unfortunately of that rigid and often extremely unpleasant discipline by which a man learns to control his sympathies, to look behind and before and to act only after considering his motives from a practical as well as a moral point of view, Oliphant had little. His habit of introspection led him at last to distrust his moral judgment entirely, and to feel the need, as he put it, of some one to "bully" him. His subjection to Harris, however, was not without its value. It was his training and discipline—and to some extent it remedied the defects of his early training; but not wholly. That, we imagine, was impossible. His nature was noble, unselfish, aspiring, but out of joint. With all his shrewdness, versatility, and

earnestness, he was viewy, impulsive, and impatient, discontented with old and established methods, and anxious to force the hand of Providence and make things move quicker than they will. We are hemmed in on every side by laws, and he who sets them at naught or attempts to over-reach them has a serious penalty to pay. It was Oliphant's fault that he did not always reckon with them. That his life was a failure we should not like to say, and indeed, are far from saying. But it may be said of him with a larger truth than of most, that his life was not what it might have been.

From The New Review.

A REMEMBRANCE.

It was in the vastness of Westminster Hall that I saw her for the first time—saw her pointed face, her red hair, her brilliant teeth. The next time was in her own home—a farmhouse that had been rebuilt and was half a villa. At the back were wheat stacks, a noisy thrashing machine, a pigeon cot, and stables, whence, with jangle of harness and cries of yokels, the great farm horses always seemed to be coming from or going to their work on the downs. In a garden planted with variegated firs she tended her flowers all day; and in the parlor where we assembled in the evening, her husband smoked his pipe in silence; the young ladies, their blonde hair hanging down their backs, played waltzes; she alone talked, her conversation was effusive, her laughter abundant and bright. I had only just turned eighteen, and was deeply interested in religious problems, and one day I told her that the book I carried in my pocket, and sometimes pretended to study, was Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." My explanation of the value of the work did not seem to strike her, and her manifest want of interest in the discussion of religious problems surprised me, for she passed for a religious woman and I failed to understand how mere belief could satisfy any one. One day, in the greenhouse, whither I had wandered, she interrupted some allusion to the chapter entitled "The Deduction of the Categories" with a burst of laughter, and declared that she would call me Kant. The nickname was not adopted by the rest of the family—another was invented which appealed more to their imagination—but she held to the name she had given me, and dur'ng

the course of our long friendship never addressed me by any other.

There was no reason why I should have become the friend of these people. We were opposed in character and temperament, but somehow we seemed to suit. There was little reflection on either side; certainly there was none on mine; at that time I was incapable of any; my youth was a vague dream, and my friends were the shadows in the dream. I saw and understood them only as one sees and understands the summer clouds when, lying at length in the tall grass, the white witches curl over the edge of the distant horizon. In such mood, visit succeeded visit, and before I was aware, the old squire who walked about the downs in a tall hat died, and my friends moved into the family place, distant about a hundred yards — an Italian house, sheltered among the elms that grew along the seashore. And in their new house they became to me more real than shadows; they were then like figures on a stage, and the building of the new wing and the planting of the new garden interested me as might an incident in a play; and I left them as I might leave a play, taking up another thread in life, thinking very little of them, if I thought at all. Years passed, and after a long absence abroad I met them by chance in London.

Again visit succeeded visit. My friends were the same as when I had left them; their house was the same, the conduct of their lives was the same. I do not think I was conscious of any change, until, one day, walking with one of the girls in the garden, a sensation of home came upon me. I seemed always to have known these people; they seemed part and parcel of my life. It was a sudden and enchanting awaking of love; life seemed to lengthen out like the fields at dawn and to become distinct and real in many new and unimagined ways. Above all, I was surprised to find myself admiring her who, fifteen years ago, had appeared to me not a little dowdy. She was now fifty-five, but such an age seemed impossible for so girl-like a figure and such young and effusive laughter. I was, however, sure that she was fifteen years older than when I first saw her, but those fifteen years had brought each within range of the other's understanding and sympathy. We became companions. I noticed what dresses she wore and told her which I liked her best in. She was only cross with me when I surprised her in the potting shed, wearing an

old bonnet, out of which hung a faded poppy. She used to cry, "Don't look at me, Kant. I know I'm like an old gipsy woman."

"You look charming," I said, "in that old bonnet."

She put down the watering can and laughingly took it from her head. "It is a regular show!"

"Not at all. You look charming when working in the greenhouse. I like you better like that than when you are dressed to go to Brighton."

"Do you? I thought you liked me best in my new black silk."

"I think I like you equally well at all times."

We looked at each other. There was an accent of love in our friendship. "And strange, is it not?" I said, "I did not admire you half as much when I knew you first."

"How was that? I was quite a young woman then."

"Yes," I said, regretting my own words; "but don't you see, at that time I was a mere boy — I lived in a dream, hardly seeing what passed around me."

"Yes, of course," she said gaily, "you were so young then, all you saw in me was a woman with a grown-up son."

Her dress was pinned up, she held in her hand the bonnet which she said made her look like an old gipsy woman, and the sunlight fell on the red hair, now grown a little thinner, but each of the immaculate teeth was an elegant piece of statuary, and not a wrinkle was there on that pretty, vixen-like face. Her figure especially showed no signs of age, and if she and her daughters were in the room it was she that I admired.

One day, while seeking through the store-room for a sheet of brown paper to pack up a book in, I came across a pile of old *Athenaums*. Had I happened upon a set of drawings by Raphael I could not have been more astonished. Not one, but twenty copies of the *Athenaum* in a house where never a book was read. I looked at the dates — three-and-thirty years ago. At that moment she was gathering some withering apples from the floor.

"Whoever," I cried, "could have left these copies of the *Athenaum* here?"

"Oh, they are my *Athenaums*," she said. "I always used to read the *Athenaum* when I was engaged to be married to Mr. Bartlett. You must have heard of him — he wrote that famous book about the Euphrates. I was very fond of

reading in those days, and he and I used to talk about books in the old garden at Wandsworth. It is all built over now."

This sudden discovery of dead tastes and sympathies seemed to draw us closer together, and in the quietness of the store-room, amid the odor of the apples, her face flushed with all the spirit of her girlhood and I understood her as if I had lived it with her.

"You must have been a delightful girl. I believe if I had known you then I should have asked you to marry me."

"I believe you would, Kant. So you thought because I never read books now that I had never read any? You have no idea how fond of books I was once, and if I had married Mr. Bartlett I believe I should have been quite a blue-stocking. But then Dick came, and my father thought it a more suitable match, and I had young children to look after. We were very poor in those days; the old squire never attempted to help us."

At this time I seemed to be always with my friends; I came to see them when I pleased, and sometimes I stayed a week, sometimes I stayed six months; but however long my visit they said it was not long enough. The five o'clock from London brought me down in time for dinner, and I used to run up to my room just as if I were a member of the family. If I missed this train and came down by the six o'clock, I found them at dinner, and then the lamplight seemed to accentuate our affectionate intimacy, and to pass round the table, shaking hands with them all, was in itself a peculiar delight. On one of these occasions, missing her from her place, I said, "Surely you have not allowed her to remain till this hour in the garden?"

I was told that she was ill, and had for the past fortnight been confined to her room. Several days passed; allusion to her illness became more frequent; and then I heard that the local doctor would accept the responsibility no longer, and had demanded a consultation with a London physician. But she would not hear of so much expense for her sake, and declared herself to be quite sufficiently well to go to London.

The little pony carriage took her to the station, and I saw her in the waiting-room, wrapped up in shawls. She was ashamed to see me, but in truth the disease had not changed her as she thought it had. There are some who are so beautiful that disease cannot deform them, and she was endowed with such exquisite life

that she would turn to smile back on you over the brink of the grave.

We thought the train was taking her from us forever, but she came back hopeful. Operation had been pronounced unnecessary, but she remained in her room many days before the medicine had reduced her sufficiently to allow her to come down-stairs. Nearly a month passed, and then she appeared looking strangely well; and every day she grew better until she regained her girlish figure, and the quick dance of movement which was a grace and a joy in the silent peacefulness of the old house. Her grace and lightness were astonishing, and one day, coming down, dressed to go in the carriage, she raced across the library, opened her escritoire, hunting through its innumerable drawers for one of the sums of money which she kept there wrapped up in pieces of paper.

"How nice you look. You are quite well now, and your figure is like a girl of fifteen."

She turned and looked at me with that love in her face which an old woman feels for a young man who is something less and something more to her than her son. As a flush of summer lingers in autumn's face, so does a sensation of sex fleet in such an affection. There is something strangely tender in the yearning of the young man for the decadent charms of her whom he regards as the mother of his election, and who, at the same time, suggests to him the girl he would have loved if time had not robbed him of her youth. There is a waywardness in such an affection that formal man knows not of.

I remember that day, for it was the last time I saw her beautiful. Soon after we noticed that she did not quite recover, and we thought it was because she did not take her medicine regularly. She spent long hours alone in her greenhouse, the hot sun playing fiercely on her back, and we supplicated—I was the foremost among the supplicants—that she should not carry the heavy flower-pots to and fro, nor cans of water from the tank at the bottom of the garden, and to save her I undertook to water her flowers for her. But she was one of those who would do everything herself, who thought that if she did not shut the door it was not properly shut. She was always speaking of her work. "If I leave my work," she would say, "even for one week, everything gets so behindhand that I despair of ever being able to make up the arrear. The worst of it is that no one can take up my work where I leave off." And as she grew worse this idea

developed until it became a kind of craze. At last, speculating on the strength of our friendship, I told her her life belonged to her husband and children, and that she had no right to squander it in this fashion. I urged that with ordinary forbearance she might live for twenty years, but at the present rate of force-expenditure she could not hope to live long. I spoke brutally, but she smiled, knowing how much I loved her; and looking back, it seems to me she must have known she could not be saved, and preferred to give the last summer of her life entirely to her flowers. It was pathetic to see her, poor moribund one, sitting through the long noons alone, the sun beating in upon her through the fiery glass, tending her flowers. I remember how she used to come in in the evenings, exhausted, and lie down on the little sofa. Her husband, with an anxious, quiet, kindly look in his eyes used to draw the skirt over her feet and sit down at her feet, tender, loving, soliciting the right to clasp her hand, as if they had not been married thirty years but were only sweet-hearts. At that time we used all to implore her to allow us to send for the London doctor, and I remember how proud I was when she looked up and said, "Very well, Kant, it shall be as you wish it." I remember, too, waiting by the little wood at the corner of the lane where I should be sure to meet the doctor as he came up from the station. The old elms were beautiful with green, the sky was beautiful with blue, and we lingered, looking out on the fair pasturage where the sheep moved so peacefully, and with the exquisite warmth of the summer in our flesh we talked of her who was to die.

"Is it, then, incurable?"

"There is no such thing as cure. We cannot create, we can only stimulate an existent force, and every time we stimulate we weaken, and so on until exhaustion. Our drugs merely precipitate the end."

"Then there is no hope?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Can she live for five years?"

"I should think it extremely improbable."

"What length of life do you give her?"

"You are asking too much. I should say about a year."

The doctor passed up the leafy avenue. I remained looking at the silly sheep, seeing in all the green landscape only a dark, narrow space. That day I saw her for the last time. She was sitting on a low chair, very ill indeed, and the voice, weak, but

still young and pure, said: "Is that you, Kant? Come round here and let me look at you." Amid my work in London, I used to receive letters from my friends, letters telling me of the march of the disease, and with each letter death grew more and more realizable until her death seemed to stand in person before me. It could not be much longer delayed, and the letter came which told me that "Mother was not expected to live through the winter." Soon after came another letter: "Mother will not live another month;" and this was followed by a telegram: "Mother is dying, come at once."

It was a bleak and gusty afternoon in the depth of winter, and the Sunday train stopped at every station, and the journey dragged its jogging length of four hours out to the weary end. The little station shivered by an icy sea, and going up the lane the wind rattled and beat my face like an iron. I hurried, looking through the trees for the lights that would shine across the park if she were not dead, and welcome indeed to my eyes were the gleaming yellow squares. Slipping in the back way, and meeting the butler in the passage, I said, "How is she?"

"Very bad indeed, sir."

She did not die that night, nor the next, nor yet the next, and as we waited for death, slow but sure of foot, to come and take what remained of her from us, I thought often of the degradation that these lingering deaths impose upon the watchers, and how they force into disgraceful prominence all that is animal in us. For however great our grief may be, we must eat and drink and must even talk of other things than the beloved one whom we are about to lose. We could not escape from our shameful nature and, eating and drinking we commented on the news that came hourly from the sick-room: "Mother will not live the week." A few days after: "Mother will hardly get over Sunday;" and the following week: "Mother will not pass the night." Lunch was the meal that shocked me most, and I often thought: "She is dying up-stairs while we are eating jam-tarts."

One day I had to ride over the downs for some letters, and when, on my return, I walked in from the stables, I met her son. He was in tears, and sobbing, he said: "My dear old chap, it is all over—she is gone." I took his hand and burst into tears. Then one of her daughters came down-stairs and I was told how she had passed away. A few hours before sleeping she had asked for a silk thread;

for thirty years she always passed one between her beautiful teeth. Her poor arms were shrunken to the very bone and were not larger than a little child's. Haggard and over-worn, she was lifted up and the silk was given to her, and the glass was held before her, but her eyes were glazed with death and she fell back exhausted. Then her breathing grew thicker, and at last and quite suddenly she realized that she was about to die; and looking round wildly, not seeing those who were collected about her bed, she said, "Oh, to die when so much remains undone. How will they get on without me!"

I helped to write the letters, so melancholy, so conventional, and expressing so little of our grief, the while the girls sat weaving wreaths for the dead, and at every hour wreaths and letters of sympathy arrived. The girls went up-stairs where the dead lay, and when they returned they told me how beautiful their mother looked. And during those dreadful days how many times did I refuse to look on her dead! My memory of her was of an intensely living thing, and I could not be persuaded to sacrifice it. We thought the day would never come, but it came. There was a copious lunch, cigars were smoked, the crops, the price of lambs, and the hunting, which the frost had much interfered with, were alluded to furtively, and the conversation was interspersed with references to the excellent qualities of the deceased. I remember the weather was beautiful, full of pure sunlight, with the color of the coming spring in the face of the heavens. And the funeral procession wound along the barren sea road, the lily-covered coffin, on a trolley, drawn by the estate laborers. That day every slightest line and every color of that bitter, barren coast impressed themselves on my mind, and I saw, more distinctly than I had ever done before, the old church with red-brown roof and square, dogmatic tower, the forlorn village, the grey undulations of the dreary hills, whose ring of trees showed aloft like a plume. In the church the faces of the girls were discomposed with grief and they wept hysterically in each other's arms. The querulous voice of the organ, the hideous hymn, and the grating voice of the aged parson, standing in white surplice on the altar-steps. Dear heart! I saw thee in thy garden while others looked into that sunless hole, and old men, white-haired and tottering, impelled by senile curiosity, pressed forward and looked down into it.

Outside the church the crowd quickly dispersed; the relatives and the friends

of the deceased, as they returned home, sought those who were most agreeable and sympathetic, and matters of private interest were discussed. Those who had come from a distance consulted their watches, and an apology to life was implicit in their looks, and the time they had surrendered to something outside of life evidently struck them as being strangely disproportionate. The sunlight laughed along the sea, and the young corn was thick in the fields, the leaves were beginning in the branches; larks rose higher and higher, disappearing in the pale air, and as we approached the plantations the amorous cawing of the rooks sounded pleasantly in the ear. The appearance of death in the spring-time, at the moment when the world renews its life, touched my soul with that keen anguish which the familiar spectacle will never fail to cause as long as a human heart beats beneath the heavens. And dropping behind the chattering crowd, that in mourning weeds wended its way through the sad spring landscape, I thought of her whom I had loved so long and should never see again. I thought of memory as a shrine where we can worship without shame; of friendship, and of the pure escapement it offers us from our natural instincts; I remembered that there is love other than that which the young man offers to her he would take to wife, and I thought how much more intense and strangely personal was my love of her than the love which that day I saw the world offering to its creatures.

GEORGE MOORE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

ON THE RELATION OF PAINTER'S "PALACE OF PLEASURE" TO THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC DRAMA.*

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

THE handsome reprint of Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," which Mr. David Nutt published last year, suggested to my mind the subject of a short paper, to be read before the Elizabethan Society.

This book, which first appeared in 1566, ranks certainly among the most important works of the Elizabethan age. In the history of English prose it occupies a place of great distinction; for it is the largest book, with the exception of the version of the Bible, which issued from the press between Malory's "Morte Darthur" and

* This paper was read before the Elizabethan Society, at Toynbee Hall, on the 1st of April, 1891.

North's "Plutarch." Moreover, it introduced a new literary world of foreign romance and story to the English public; and, finally, it determined in a very special way the form and matter of our drama.

The original title ran as follows: "The Palace of Pleasure, beautiful, adorned, and well-furnished with pleasant histories and excellent novels, selected out of divers good and commendable authors, by William Painter." Of Painter himself very little is known. The sources from which he drew his materials are various. To some extent he relied upon the classics; as Aulus Gellius, Aelian, Livy; a good number of his tales he took from Queen Margaret's "Heptameron;" one or two may be traced to Spanish authors; but by far the larger number are derived from the Italian novel writers: Boccaccio, Bandello, Cinthio, Straparola, Ser Giovanni. Painter seems usually to have translated these, not directly from the originals, but from the French version of Belleforest, just as Sir Thomas North relied upon Amyot's French version of Plutarch. But, whether he worked on Italian or French texts, the result was that he opened a wonderful new world of fiction to the English, and created that rage for Italian subjects which gave so peculiar a bias to our dramatic literature.

The Italian *novella* requires to be defined, lest the thing in question should be confounded with our modern novel. Although they bear the same name, the two species have less in common than might be supposed. Both are narratives; but, while the modern novel is a history extending over a considerable space of time, embracing a complicated tissue of events, and implying an analytical study of character, the novella is invariably brief and sketchy. It does not aim at presenting a detailed picture of human life, but confines itself to a striking situation, or tells an anecdote illustrative of some moral quality. This is shown by the headings of the sections into which the Italian novella writers divided their collections. We read such rubrics as the following: "On the magnanimity of princes;" "Concerning those who have been fortunate in love;" "Of sudden changes from prosperity to evil fortune;" "The guiles of women practised on their husbands." A theme is proposed, and the novella is intended to exemplify it. For this reason the novella was admirably adapted to dramatic treatment. The concentration and centralization of its interest upon a single action, or a single pungent motive, gave it

just what was wanted by the tragic or the comic playwright. In this connection I must not omit to remind you that the novella was intended for recitation in a mixed company. All the authors of this species declare that their stories were originally spoken, and then written down; and there is little doubt that this was really the case with Boccaccio's and Bandello's tales. These circumstances determined the length and ruled the mechanism of the novella. From the first, the conditions under which it was produced gave it a dramatic complexion.

The modern novel, on the other hand, is intended to be read and studied. After Cervantes, Richardson, and Fielding had successively moulded this type of art, it took shape finally as an expansion and pure digest of the drama. The modern novel implies the drama as a previous condition of its being. We might even call it a drama treated on the lines of the epic. Thus the novella is antecedent, and the modern novel subsequent, to dramatic composition.

When we consider the form and spirit of the English romantic drama, it will become still more apparent why the Italian novel, as I have described it, proved so acceptable to our Elizabethan playwrights. In order to make this clear, I will introduce an Elizabethan account of the impression made upon the minds of foreigners by the English theatre. Three interlocutors, in a dialogue from Flavio's "First Fruits," talk together about English plays, as follows. The first proposes:—

"After dinner we will go see a play."

The second answers:—

"The plays that they play in England are not right comedies."

The third joins in:—

"Yet they do nothing else but play every day!"

The second sticks to his opinion:—

"Yea, but they are neither right comedies nor right tragedies."

The first inquires:—

"How would you name them, then?"

The critic scornfully replies:—

"*Representations of histories without any decorum.*"

Such in truth they were. Without the decorum of deliberate obedience to classic rules, without the decorum of accomplished art, without the decorum of social distinctions properly observed in tragic and comic styles of composition, they dramatized a tale or history in a succession of scenes. Nothing in the shape of a story came amiss to the romantic play-

wright. Perhaps we cannot penetrate deeper into the definition of the romantic drama than by saying that its characteristic was to be a represented story. I do not mean to assert that plays of the romantic species were not written upon the point or climax of a story, rather than upon the story itself. What I do mean is that the romantic method allowed the evolution of a long tale on the stage; setting forth, for instance, the whole of a man's life, or the whole of a king's reign, or the whole of a complicated fable. It is only necessary to mention "King Lear," "Pericles," "Cymbeline," "A Winter's Tale," "Edward II." Consequently it was of great importance to the playwright to obtain materials for his plots, which should narrow the dramatic movement, so far as this was possible, to a single point. This was precisely what the Italian novella supplied. Remaining a narrative, it limited the action to some central incident or clinching motive. The most perfectly constructed of Shakespeare's tragedies, "Othello," follows the tale of Cinthio with very little alteration.

Returning to Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," we find that, beside Shakespeare, the following dramatists drew their plots from the same source: Greene, Peele, Heywood, Marston, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Massinger, Middleton, Shirley. Among the lost plays of the period, the names of which are known to us from "Henslow's Diary" and other records, it is obvious that a large number were founded on one or other of Painter's Italian stories. "Timon of Athens" in its original form is taken, through Painter, from Plutarch. "Edward II.," whether we assign this fine tragedy to Shakespeare or to Marlowe, or to some third hand, is based not upon an English chronicle, but on a romantic story told by Bandello. In the original Italian this novel displays a very high quality of rhetoric in the dialogue, and vehement dramatic energy in the treatment of the situations and emotions of the actors. The English playwright had very little else to do than to turn Bandello's language into blank verse.

A large number of the Italian novels were founded upon tragedies of actual life, and contained comparatively faithful records of contemporary events. These histories used to be circulated in manuscript; and masses of them still remain embedded in the archives of noble families. They proved singularly attractive to dramatists of the stamp of Marston, Cyril Tourneur, and Webster. Marston's "Insatiate Countess" owed its origin to Bandello's

tale of "The Countess of Cellant," with whom the novelist professes to have been personally acquainted. Her history passed from him to Marston through the hands of Belleforest and Painter. In like manner Bandello and Painter supplied Webster with "The Duches of Malfi," whose romantically tragic history formed an episode in the annals of the princely house of Piccolomini. The same playwright, Webster, took his "Vittoria Corombona" straight from one of the Italian narrations I have described above. It is not found in any of the Elizabethan prose collections known to me; but Webster's drama follows very closely upon the lines of the real history of the Duke of Bracciano and his mistress Vittoria Accoramboni. In my "Italian Byways" I have published a study upon the relation between the Italian novella and Webster's English drama. To this I may refer my readers; for a minute criticism of the points of similarity and points of difference between the prose and poetical versions of this tale of real life would here be out of place. We do not know for certain whether Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy" was drawn from a genuine Italian source. I am inclined to conjecture that it was the poet's own creation.

I cannot, however, refrain from introducing a digression here upon Webster's treatment of the "True Story of the Duchess of Malfi," as he found it in Painter's version of Bandello. All students of this terrible and solemn tragedy must feel that the fifth act is somewhat an anti-climax. After the death of the duchess, in whom the whole interest of the play centres, we do not care to hear how Antonio Bologna, the two wicked brothers of the duchess, and their devilish accomplice Bosola, came severally to miserable ends. The materials for this act, so far as the murder of Antonio is concerned, Webster found in Bandello; but he violated the truth of history by committing an act of poetical justice upon the other personages. For the rest, he follows the text of Painter very closely. The subordinate actors are all suggested in the original story. Thus Ferdinand of Aragon, the Cardinal of Aragon, Delio, the friend of the second husband of the duchess, Giulia, the mistress of the cardinal, and the faithful serving-maid of the duchess, are all of them historical personages. Bosola, who plays such a prominent part in the tragedy, is thus described in Painter's narrative: "The Neapolitan gentleman before spoken of by Delio, which had taken this enter

prise to satisfy the barbarous cardinal and to bereave his countryman of life, having changed his mind, and deferring from day to day to sort the same to effect, it chanced that a Lombard of larger conscience than the other, inveigled with covetousness and hired for ready money, practised the death of the duchess's poor husband; this bloody beast was called Antonio de Bosola, that had charge of a certain band of footmen in Milan." He was, in fact, a common bravo, such as the Italian nobles of the sixteenth century found always ready to their service in the execution of violent and treacherous acts. Painter calls him "this new Judas and pestilent manqueller;" but he does not hint that he was used for any other criminal purpose than the murder of Antonio. Webster, as we know, developed this character into one of the principal personages in his plot. Bosola appears in the first scene; and, after haunting the several victims of folly, crime, and vengeance, like an evil destiny throughout the play, he terminates his own life within a few lines of the conclusion of the last scene.

Webster has departed from the spirit of his author mainly in his conception of the duchess. Bandello had painted her as a weak though amiable woman, who, after her princely husband's death, could not resist the personal attractions of a simple gentleman, employed in her service as steward of the household. "Let us consider the force of lover's rage," observes Painter in one of his moralizing digressions, "which, so soon as it has seized upon the minds of men, we see how marvellous be the effects thereof, and with what strait and puissance that madness subdueth the wise and strongest worldlings. Who would think that a great lady, besides the abandoning her estate, her goods, and child, would have misprized her honor and reputation, to follow, like a vagabond, a poor and simple gentleman, and him besides that was the household servant of her court?" Webster corrected the outlines of this sketch so adroitly, dealt so delicately with the somewhat hazardous situations created by the passion of the duchess, that in his tragedy she secures our respect from the beginning, and at the moment of her death presents a moving spectacle of tragic destiny. His Duchess of Malfi takes high rank among the noblest female characters portrayed in English drama. She is indeed worthy to hold her own with Shakespeare's women. It was just in this way that the playwrights of the Elizabethan age improved upon their Italian

originals. The duchess in Bandello's story is the victim of her own folly and womanly weakness. She plays a somewhat ignoble part among a crew of brutal and vindictive ruffians. Webster invests her with royal dignity and elevated pathos. The impression of terror and pity produced by her murder is intensified by the grotesque surroundings and the splendid poetry of her last hours. The maniacs who are sent to drive her mad, the doleful dirges sung, the weird and scoffing homilies of Bosola, her own impassioned apostrophes and final resignation to her fate, combine to render that scene one of the most fantastically striking in the dramatic literature of our renaissance. In order that you may understand Webster's method of handling his materials and heightening their effect, I will read you Painter's simple narrative of the last moments of the duchess.

"That miserable princess, seeing herself a prisoner in the company of her little children and well-beloved maiden, patiently lived in hope to see her brethren appeased, comforting herself for the escape of her husband out of the hands of his mortal foes. But her assurance was changed into an horrible fear, and her hope to no expectation of surety, when, certain days after her imprisonment, her jailor came in, and said unto her, 'Madam, I do advise you henceforth to consider and examine your conscience, forasmuch as I suppose that even this very day your life shall be taken from you.' When she had finished her prayer, two or three of the ministers which had taken her beside Forli, came in and said unto her, 'Now, Madam, make ready yourself to go to God, for behold your hour is come.' 'Praised be that God,' said she, 'for the wealth and woe which it pleaseth him to send us. But I beseech you, my friends, to have pity upon these little babes and innocent creatures. Let them not feel the smart which I am assured my brethren bear against their poor, unhappy father.' 'Well, well, Madam,' said they, 'we will convey them to such place as they shall not want.' 'I also recommend unto you,' quoth she, 'this poor, imprisoned maiden, and entreat her well, in consideration of her good service done to the unfortunate Duchess of Malfi.' As she had ended those words, the two ruffians did put a cord around her neck and strangled her."

I may add that, after this, the executioners strangled the waiting-woman and the children. It will be seen that Painter's translation of Bandello supplied Webster

with pathos enough; and that the duchess in her death was simply dignified. But those who have once felt the poetry of that murder-scene in Webster's play, will perceive at once what intensity of horror and what imaginative sublimity have been added to Bandello's pathos by our dramatist. I am glad to have been able to present to you these passages from the prose tale of the duchess, since they are fair examples of Painter's English style, when working on a really powerful original.

To return from this digression to other Elizabethan plays which seem to be derived from Italian sources, I will mention three that offer some critical difficulties. We do not know for certain whether Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy" was drawn from a genuine Italian legend. I am inclined to conjecture that it was the poet's own creation, in the spirit of tales read by him. The complicated and fantastic incidents of the tragic climax surpass anything which is known to us even in the annals of Italian crime and misery. The same may be said about Ford's horrible tragedy of "Giovanni and Annabella" (*i.e.*, "Tis pity she's a Whore"), and Marston's wild scenes in "Antonio and Mellida." Whether drawn from actual Italian story or invented by the playwrights, they illustrate the extraordinary fascination which the tragic lustre of the wickedness of Italy exerted over the fancy of our northern poets.

It is singular that while Italy so strongly influenced the spirit and the manner of our drama, the Italians themselves were almost incapable of producing tragic literature. This was due in part, of course, to their habit of following the model of Seneca's Latin plays. Imitations of "Thyestes" could not reproduce the horrors and eccentricities of sixteenth-century existence. But there was something deeper in the quality of the Italian genius which prevented the development of a national theatre. Tragedy, which is the soul of great dramatic poetry, was almost uniformly wanting after Dante. All subsequent poets and novelists are pathetic, graceful, touching, witty, humorous, reflective, radiant, capricious; everything or anything, in fact, except stern, impassioned, tragic, in the true heroic sense. The crimes and torments of domestic life are portrayed in the novella to point a moral, to stimulate flagging curiosity, or to contrast the pleasures of the senses with grim details of the shambles or the charnel-house. We are not invited to the

spectacle of human energies ravaged by unconquerable passion, at war with destiny, yet superior to fate and fortune and internal tempest by something grand and noble in the human spirit. We must turn to "Romeo and Juliet," to "Othello," to the "Duchess of Malfi," to "Vittoria Corombona," from the pages of Bandello and his associates, if we want to understand the latent capacity for tragic force, the mines of undeveloped poetry which these Italian sources contained within their sometimes touching, but never appalling or awe-striking narratives in prose. There is something even diabolical in the tenacity with which playwrights of the stamp of Ford and Tourneur clung to the episodes of bloody crime and poisonous revenge furnished by their Italian authorities. Their darkest delineations of villainy, their subtlest analyses of evil motives, their most audacious delineations of vice, are all contained within the charmed circle of Italian story. A play like the "Revenger's Tragedy" or "Giovanni and Annabella" almost justifies the old proverb that an "Italianated Englishman is an incarnate devil." Yet I do not agree with that eloquent critic, Vernon Lee, in thinking that our English poets extracted more of sinister stuff, more of intense moral pungency, than was inherent in the actual life of Italy. It is true, perhaps, that they felt these qualities more acutely, because they were not so familiar with them in real life. Still, the complicated tissue of sensual sin, of treacherous murder, and of slow revenge, which composes such a piece of real history as the life and death of Lorenzino de Medici, or the domestic murders and incests of the Baglioni family; such a tissue of crime and anguish, I repeat, only requires the poet's insight to bring its true grim horror into view. This insight the English dramatists possessed; and the reasons why it was wanting to the psychology of the Italians remain unknown to us.

The rage for Italian subjects was so strong in London that a play could scarcely succeed unless the characters were furnished with Italian titles. Ben Jonson laid the scene of his most subtle comedy of character, "Volpone, or the Fox," in Venice. He even supplied that thoroughly English study of manners "Every Man in his Humor," with Italian personages. Our drama began with a translation from Ariosto's "Suppositi," and ended with Davenant's "Just Italian." In the very dawn of tragic composition Greene versified a portion of the "Orlando Furioso."

Marlowe devoted one of his most brilliant studies to the villainies of a Maltese Jew. Of Shakespeare's plays five are incontestably Italian, while others are cast with Italian names to suit the popular taste. In the preface which Mr. Joseph Jacobs has written for his new edition of Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," he makes some interesting and original remarks upon the extraordinary extent to which this one book denationalized the spirit of the English stage. "The fact remains," he says, "and remains to be explained, that the Elizabethans do not appeal to the half a million or so of English folk who are capable of being touched at all by literature. Outside Shakespeare none of the Elizabethans has really reached the heart of the nation. Why is this? Partly, I think, because, owing to the Italianization of the Elizabethan drama, the figures whom the dramatists drew are unreal, and live in an unreal world. They are neither Englishmen nor Italians, nor even Italianated Englishmen. I can only think of four tragedies in the whole range of the Elizabethan drama where the characters are English: Wilkins's 'Miseries of Enforced Marriage'; 'a Yorkshire Tragedy'; 'Arden of Faversham'; and Heywood's 'Woman Killed by Kindness.' [I may parenthetically observe that the underplot of even Heywood's 'Woman Killed by Kindness' is borrowed from an Italian novella by Incini, of Siena.] These are, so far as I remember, the only English tragedies out of some hundred and fifty dramas deserving that name." This seems to me an overstatement; for it excludes such plays as "A Warning for Fair Women" and "The Witch of Edmonton." It takes no notice of "King Lear," "The Misfortunes of Arthur," "Macbeth," or "Gorboduc;" which certainly deserve the name of British, if not English tragedies. It also omits plays like "Perkin Warbeck" and "Edward II.," which are really less chronicles or history-plays than tragedies of the romantic species. Still the remarks of Mr. Jacobs are on the whole just and penetrating. It is indeed astonishing to reflect upon the immense mass of tragic subjects drawn by English poets from classical or Italian sources. And Mr. Jacobs seems to me justified in observing that the Italian novella, when dramatized by English playwrights, produced character studies of a hybrid sort. Bosola, for instance, in the "Duchess of Malfi" has certainly no English flavor; and yet I can concede to Vernon Lee that he is not made to think and feel about his

own crimes with the same levity or the same cynicism as an Italian would have done. The like is true about Flaminio in "Vittoria Corombona," about Tourneur's Vendice, Marston's Antonio, and scores of other tragic personages whose names are familiar to students of our drama. They resemble highly wrought studies of human psychology, detached from place, and time, and local circumstances. They are deficient in the *vraie vérité* of national realism. They are infected with an almost morbid idealism, a fanciful speculation on the possibilities of spiritual evil.

It is difficult to estimate the exact balance between loss and gain which this Italianization of the drama brought to English literature. At the time when Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" was first printed, the prospects of our romantic theatre were very doubtful. It seemed not improbable that playwrights like Sackville and Hughes, critics like Sydney and Whetstone, might succeed in imposing the pseudo-classic manner of the Italian drama upon England. The impulse communicated by Painter's publication to the romantic style was, as we have seen, enormous. Just at the moment when the genius of the Shakespearian play was struggling into frail existence, Painter and his school supplied the playwright with innumerable and attractive plots. Such plots were not accessible in any other source; and, as I have tried to show, the novella furnished exactly that particular type of story which the spirit of romantic art demanded. It is not therefore surprising that a kind of conventional Italianism sprang up, and that a growth of art so vigorous as our Elizabethan drama should have tended to produce hybrids. What our literature lost by the fascination of Painter's foreign stories, leading genius astray from national and local motives, cannot be reckoned. But I think it may be safely said, upon the other hand, that English literature gained from it the salvation of the romantic species at a very critical period of its earlier development.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
HIGH LIFE.

EVERYBODY knows mountain flowers are beautiful. As one rises up any minor height in the Alps or the Pyrenees, below snow-level, one notices at once the extraordinary brilliancy and richness of the blossoms one meets there. All nature is

dressed in its brightest robes. Great belts of blue gentian hang like a zone on the mountain slopes; masses of yellow globe-flower star the upland pastures; nodding heads of soldanella lurk low among the rugged boulders by the glacier's side. No lowland blossoms have such vividness of coloring, or grow in such conspicuous patches. To strike the eye from afar, to attract and allure at a distance, is the great aim and end in life of the Alpine flora.

Now, why are Alpine plants so anxious to be seen of men and angels? Why do they flaunt their golden glories so openly before the world, instead of shrinking in modest reserve beneath their own green leaves, like the Puritan primrose and the retiring violet? The answer is, because of the extreme rarity of the mountain air. It's the barometer that does it. At first sight, I will readily admit, this explanation seems as fanciful as the traditional connection between Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple. But, like the amateur stories in country papers, it is "founded on fact," for all that. (Imagine, by the way, a tale founded entirely on fiction! How charmingly aerial!) By a round-about road, through varying chains of cause and effect, the rarity of the air does really account in the long run for the beauty and conspicuousness of the mountain flowers.

For bees, the common go-betweens of the loves of the plants, cease to range about a thousand or fifteen hundred feet below snow-level. And why? Because it's too cold for them? Oh, dear, no; on sunny days in early English spring, when the thermometer doesn't rise above freezing in the shade, you will see both the honey-bees and the great, black bumble as busy as their conventional character demands of them among the golden cups of the first timid crocuses. Give the bee sunshine, indeed, with a temperature just about freezing-point, and he'll flit about joyously on his communistic errand. But bees, one must remember, have heavy bodies and relatively small wings; in the rarefied air of mountain heights they can't manage to support themselves in the most literal sense. Hence their place in these high stations of the world is taken by the gay and airy butterflies, which have lighter bodies and a much bigger expanse of wing-area to buoy them up. In the valleys and plains the bee competes at an advantage with the butterflies for all the sweets of life; but in this broad sub-glacial belt on the mountain-sides, the butterflies in turn

have things all their own way. They flit about like monarchs of all they survey, without a rival in the world to dispute their supremacy.

And how does the preponderance of butterflies in the upper regions of the air affect the color and brilliancy of the flowers? Simply thus. Bees, as we are all aware on the authority of the great Dr. Watts, are industrious creatures which employ each shining hour (well-chosen epithet, "shining") for the good of the community, and to the best purpose. The bee, in fact, is the *bon bourgeois* of the insect world; he attends strictly to business, loses no time in wild or reckless excursions, and flies by the straightest path from flower to flower of the same species with mathematical precision. Moreover, he is careful, cautious, observant, and steady-going—a model business man, in fact, of sound middle-class morals and sober middle-class intelligence. No fitting for him, no coquetting, no fickleness. Therefore, the flowers that have adapted themselves to his needs, and that depend upon him mainly or solely for fertilization, waste no unnecessary material on those big, flaunting, colored posters which we human observers know as petals. They have, for the most part, simple blue or purple flowers, tubular in shape and, individually, inconspicuous in hue; and they are oftenest arranged in long spikes of blossom to avoid wasting the time of their winged Mr. Bultitudes. So long as they are just bright enough to catch the bee's eye a few yards away, they are certain to receive a visit in due season from that industrious and persistent commercial traveller. Having a circle of good customers upon whom they can depend with certainty for fertilization, they have no need to waste any large proportion of their substance upon expensive advertisements or gaudy petals.

It is just the opposite with butterflies. Those gay and irrepressible creatures, the fashionable and frivolous element in the insect world, gad about from flower to flower over great distances at once, and think much more of sunning themselves and of attracting their fellows than of attention to business. And the reason is obvious, if one considers for a moment the difference in the political and domestic economy of the two opposed groups. For the honey-bees are neuters, sexless purveyors of the hive, with no interest on earth save the storing of honey for the common benefit of the phalanstery to which they belong. But the butterflies

are full-fledged males and females, on the hunt through the world for suitable partners; they think far less of feeding than of displaying their charms; a little honey to support them during their flight is all they need: "For the bee, a long round of ceaseless toil; for me," says the gay butterfly, "a short life and a merry one." Mr. Harold Skimpole needed only "music, sunshine, a few grapes." The butterflies are of his kind. The high mountain zone is for them a true ball-room; the flowers are light refreshments laid out in the vestibule. Their real business in life is not to gorge and lay by, but to coquette and display themselves and find fitting partners.

So while the bees, with their honey-bags, like the financier with his money-bags, are storing up profit for the composite community, the butterfly, on the contrary, lays himself out for an agreeable flutter, and sips nectar where he will, over large areas of country. He flies rather high, flaunting his wings in the sun, because he wants to show himself off in all his airy beauty; and when he spies a bed of bright flowers afar off on the sun-smitten slopes, he sails off towards them lazily, like a grand signior who amuses himself. No regular plodding through a monotonous spike of plain little bells for him; what he wants is brilliant color, bold advertisement, good honey, and plenty of it. He doesn't care to search. Who wants his favors must make himself conspicuous.

Now, plants are good shopkeepers; they lay themselves out strictly to attract their customers. Hence the character of the flowers on this beeless belt of mountain-side is entirely determined by the character of the butterfly fertilizers. Only those plants which laid themselves out from time immemorial to suit the butterflies, in other words, have succeeded in the long run in the struggle for existence. So the butterfly-plants of the butterfly-zone are all strictly adapted to butterfly tastes and butterfly fancies. They are, for the most part, individually large and brilliantly colored; they have lots of honey, often stored at the base of a deep and open bell which the long proboscis of the insect can easily penetrate; and they habitually grow close together in broad belts or patches, so that the color of each reinforces and aids the color of the others. It is this culminative habit that accounts for the marked flower-bed or jam-tart character which everybody must have noticed in the high Alpine flora.

Aristocracies usually pride themselves
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on their antiquity; and the high life of the mountains is undeniably ancient. The plants and animals of the butterfly-zone belong to a special group which appears everywhere in Europe and America about the limit of snow, whether northward or upward. For example, I was pleased to note near the summit of Mount Washington (the highest peak in New Hampshire) that a large number of the flowers belonged to species well known on the open plains of Lapland and Finland. The plants of the high Alps are found also, as a rule, not only on the high Pyrenees, the Carpathians, the Scotch Grampians, and the Norwegian fjelds, but also round the Arctic Circle in Europe and America. They reappear at long distances where suitable conditions recur; they follow the snow-line as the snow-line recedes ever in summer higher north toward the pole or higher vertically toward the mountain summits. And this bespeaks in one way to the reasoning mind a very ancient ancestry. It shows they date back to a very old and cold epoch.

Let me give a single instance which strikingly illustrates the general principle. Near the top of Mount Washington, as aforesaid, lives to this day a little colony of very cold-loving and mountainous butterflies, which never descend below a couple of thousand feet from the wind-swept summit. Except just there, there are no more of their sort anywhere about; and as far as the butterflies themselves are aware, no others of their species exist on earth; they never have seen a single one of their kind, save of their own little colony. One might compare them with the Pitcairn Islanders in the South Seas — an isolated group of English origin, cut off by a vast distance from all their congeners in Europe or America. But if you go north some eight or nine hundred miles from New Hampshire to Labrador, at a certain point the same butterfly reappears, and spreads northward toward the pole in great abundance. Now, how did this little colony of chilly insects get separated from the main body, and islanded, as it were, on a remote mountain-top in far warmer New Hampshire?

The answer is they were stranded there at the end of the glacial epoch.

A couple of hundred thousand years ago or thereabouts — don't let us haggle, I beg of you, over a few casual centuries — the whole of northern Europe and America was covered from end to end, as everybody knows, by a sheet of solid ice, like the one which Frithiof Nansen crossed

from sea to sea on his own account in Greenland. For many thousand years, with occasional warmer spells, that vast ice-sheet brooded, silent and grim, over the face of the two continents. Life was extinct as far south as the latitude of New York and London. No plant or animal survived the general freezing. Not a creature broke the monotony of that endless glacial desert. At last, as the celestial cycle came round in due season, fresh conditions supervened. Warmer weather set in, and the ice began to melt. Then the plants and animals of the sub-glacial district were pushed slowly northward by the warmth after the retreating ice-cap. As time went on, the climate of the plains got too hot to hold them. The summer was too much for the glacial types to endure. They remained only on the highest mountain peaks or close to the southern limit of eternal snow. In this way, every isolated range in either continent has its own little colony of arctic or glacial plants and animals, which still survive by themselves, unaffected by intercourse with their unknown and unsuspected fellow-creatures elsewhere.

Not only has the glacial epoch left these organic traces of its existence, however; in some parts of New Hampshire, where the glaciers were unusually thick and deep, fragments of the primeval ice itself still remain on the spots where they were originally stranded. Among the shady glens of the White Mountains there occur here and there great masses of ancient ice, the unmelted remnant of primeval glaciers; and one of these is so large that an artificial cave has been cleverly excavated in it, as an attraction for tourists, by the canny Yankee proprietor. Elsewhere the old ice-blocks are buried under the *débris* of moraine-stuff and alluvium, and are only accidentally discovered by the sinking of what are locally known as ice-wells. No existing conditions can account for the formation of such solid rocks of ice at such a depth in the soil. They are essentially glacier-like in origin and character; they result from the pressure of snow into a crystalline mass in a mountain valley; and they must have remained there unmelted ever since the close of the glacial epoch, which, by Dr. Croll's calculations, must most probably have ceased to plague our earth some eighty thousand years ago. Modern America, however, has no respect for antiquity; and it is at present engaged in using up this palæocrycic deposit — this belated storehouse of pre-historic ice — in the

manufacture of gin slings and brandy cocktails.

As one scales a mountain of moderate height — say seven or eight thousand feet — in a temperate climate, one is sure to be struck by the gradual diminution as one goes in the size of the trees, till at last they tail off into mere shrubs and bushes. This diminution — an old commonplace of tourists — is a marked characteristic of mountain plants, and it depends, of course, in the main upon the effect of cold, and of the wind in winter. Cold, however, is by far the more potent factor of the two, though it is the least often insisted upon; and this can be seen in a moment by any one who remembers that trees shade off in just the self-same manner near the southern limit of permanent snow in the Arctic regions. And the way the cold acts is simply this: it nips off the young buds in spring in exposed situations, as the chilly sea-breeze does with coast plants, which, as we commonly but incorrectly say, are "blown sideways" from seaward.

Of course, the lower down one gets, and the nearer to the soil, the warmer the layer of air becomes, both because there is greater radiation, and because one can secure a little more shelter. So, very far north, and very near the snow line on mountains, you always find the vegetation runs low and stunted. It takes advantage of every crack, every cranny in the rocks, every sunny little nook, every jutting point or wee promontory of shelter. And as the mountain plants have been accustomed for ages to the strenuous conditions of such cold and wind swept situations, they have ended, of course, by adapting themselves to that station in life to which it has pleased the powers that be to call them. They grow quite naturally low and stumpy and rosette-shaped; they are compact of form and very hard of fibre; they present no surface of resistance to the wind in any way; rounded and boss-like, they seldom rise above the level of the rocks and stones whose interstices they occupy. It is this combination of characters that makes mountain plants such favorites with florists; for they possess of themselves that close-grown habit and that rich profusion of clustered flowers which it is the grand object of the gardener by artificial selection to produce and encourage.

When one talks of "the limit of trees" on a mountain-side, however, it must be remembered that the phrase is used in a strictly human or Pickwickian sense, and that it is only the size, not the type, of the

vegetation that is really in question. For trees exist even on the highest hilltops; only they have accommodated themselves to the exigencies of the situation. Smaller and ever smaller species have been developed by natural selection to suit the peculiarities of these inclement spots. Take, for example, the willow and poplar group. Nobody would deny that a weeping willow by an English river, or a Lombardy poplar in an Italian avenue, was as much of a true tree as an oak or a chestnut. But as one mounts towards the bare and wind-swept mountain heights one finds that the willows begin to grow downward gradually. The "netted willow" of the Alps and Pyrenees, which shelters itself under the lee of little jutting rocks, attains a height of only a few inches; while the "herbaceous willow," common on all very high mountains in western Europe, is a tiny, creeping weed, which nobody would ever take for a forest tree by origin at all, unless he happened to see it in the catkin-bearing stage, when its true nature and history would become at once apparent to him.

Yet this little herb-like willow, one of the most northerly and hardy of European plants, is a true tree at heart none the less for all that. Soft and succulent as it looks in branch and leaf, you may yet count on it sometimes as many rings of annual growth as on a lordly Scotch fir-tree. But where? Why, underground. For see how cunning it is, this little stunted descendant of proud forest lords; hard-pressed by nature, it has learnt to make the best of its difficult and precarious position. It has a woody trunk at core, like all other trees; but this trunk never appears above the level of the soil; it creeps and roots underground in tortuous zigzags between the crags and boulders that lie strewn through its thin sheet of upland leaf-mould. By this simple plan the willow manages to get protection in winter, on the same principle as when we human gardeners lay down the stems of vines; only the willow remains laid down all the year and always. But in summer it sends up its short-lived, herbaceous branches, covered with tiny green leaves, and ending at last in a single silky catkin. Yet between the great weeping willow and this last degraded mountain representative of the same primitive type, you can trace in Europe alone at least a dozen distinct intermediate forms, all well marked in their differences, and all progressively dwarfed by long stress of unfavorable conditions.

From the combination of such unfavor-

able conditions in Arctic countries and under the snow-line of mountains there results a curious fact, already hinted at above, that the coldest floras are also, from the purely human point of view, the most beautiful. Not, of course, the most luxuriant; for lush richness of foliage and "breadth of tropic shade" (to quote a noble lord) one must go, as every one knows, to the equatorial regions. But, contrary to the common opinion, the tropics, hoary shams, are not remarkable for the abundance or beauty of their flowers. Quite otherwise, indeed; an unrelieved green strikes the keynote of equatorial forests. This is my own experience, and it is borne out (which is far more important) by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has seen a wider range of the untouched tropics, in all four hemispheres — northern, southern, eastern, western — than any other man, I suppose, that ever lived on this planet. And Mr. Wallace is firm in his conviction that the tropics in this respect are a complete fraud. Bright flowers are there quite conspicuously absent. It is rather in the cold and less favored regions of the world that one must look for fine floral displays and bright masses of color. Close up to the snow-line the wealth of flowers is always the greatest.

In order to understand this apparent paradox one must remember that the highest type of flowers, from the point of view of organization, is not at the same time by any means the most beautiful. On the contrary, plants with very little special adaptation to any particular insect, like the water-lilies and the poppies, are obliged to flaunt forth in very brilliant hues, and to run to very large sizes in order to attract the attention of a great number of visitors, one or other of whom may casually fertilize them; while plants with very special adaptations, like the sage and mint group, or the little English orchids, are so cunningly arranged that they can't fail of fertilization at the very first visit, which of course enables them to a great extent to dispense with the aid of big or brilliant petals. So that, where the struggle for life is fiercest, and adaptation most perfect, the flora will on the whole be not most, but least, conspicuous in the matter of very handsome flowers.

Now, the struggle for life is fiercest, and the wealth of nature is greatest, one need hardly say, in tropical climates. There alone do we find every inch of soil "encumbered by its waste fertility," as Comus puts it; weighed down by luxuriant growth of tree, shrub, herb, creeper.

There alone do lizards lurk in every hole; beetles dwell manifold in every cranny; butterflies flock thick in every grove; bees, ants, and flies swarm by myriads on every sun-smitten hillside. Accordingly, in the tropics, adaptation reaches its highest point; and tangled richness, not beauty of color, becomes the dominant note of the equatorial forests. Now and then, to be sure, as you wander through Brazilian or Malayan woods, you may light upon some bright tree clad in scarlet bloom, or some glorious orchid drooping pendent from a bough with long sprays of beauty; but such sights are infrequent. Green, and green, and ever green again—that is the general feeling of the equatorial forest; as different as possible from the rich mosaic of a high alp in early June, or a Scotch hillside deep in golden gorse and purple heather in broad August sunshine.

In very cold countries, on the other hand, though the conditions are severe, the struggle for existence is not really so hard, because, in one word, there are fewer competitors. The field is less occupied; life is less rich, less varied, less self-strangling. And therefore specialization hasn't gone nearly so far in cold latitudes or altitudes. Lower and simpler types everywhere occupy the soil; mosses, matted flowers, small beetles, dwarf butterflies. Nature is less luxuriant, yet in some ways more beautiful. As we rise on the mountains the forest trees disappear, and with them the forest beasts, from bears to squirrels; a low, wind-swept vegetation succeeds, very poor in species, and stunted in growth, but making a floor of rich flowers almost unknown elsewhere. The humble butterflies and beetles of the chillier elevation produce in the result more beautiful bloom than the highly developed honey-seekers of the richer and warmer lowlands. Luxuriance is atoned for by a Turkey carpet of floral magnificence.

How, then, has the world at large fallen into the pardonable error of believing tropical nature to be so rich in coloring, and circumpolar nature to be so dingy and unlovable? Simply thus, I believe. The tropics embrace the largest land areas in the world, and are richer by a thousand times in species of plants and animals than all the rest of the earth in a lump put together. That richness necessarily results from the fierceness of the competition. Now, among this enormous mass of tropical plants it naturally happens that some have finer flowers than any temperate species; while as to the animals and

birds, they are undoubtedly, on the whole, both larger and handsomer than the fauna of colder climates. But in the general aspect of tropical nature an occasional bright flower or brilliant parrot counts for very little among the mass of lush green which surrounds and conceals it. On the other hand, in our museums and conservatories we sedulously pick out the rarest and most beautiful of these rare and beautiful species, and we isolate them completely from their natural surroundings. The consequence is that the untravelled mind regards the tropics mentally as a sort of perpetual replica of the hot-houses at Kew, superimposed on the best of Mr. Bull's orchid shows. As a matter of fact, people who know the hot world well can tell you that the average tropical woodland is much more like the dark shade of Box Hill or the deepest glades of the Black Forest. For really fine floral display in the mass, all at once, you must go, not to Ceylon, Sumatra, Jamaica, but to the far north of Canada, the Bernese Oberland, the moors of Inverness-shire, the North Cape of Norway. Flowers are loveliest where the climate is coldest; forests are greenest, most luxuriant, least blossoming, where the conditions of life are richest, warmest, fiercest. In one word, high life is always poor but beautiful.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

FLOWERS AND THE POETS.

In the following pages an attempt is made to throw a little light upon some references to flowers in the writings of the poets. In spite of the untiring vigilance which commentators have brought to bear upon the subject, there still remains in this department, as in others, much that is obscure if not incomprehensible. The remark applies to our earlier poets especially, and the fact is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember how many of the popular names for flowers have disappeared before the advance of civilization, and how, even of those still in vogue, many enjoy but a precarious existence in remoter parts of the country still untouched by modernism. Another fruitful source of confusion is the multiplicity of names given to the same flower, and, conversely, the large number of flowers known by the same name. The application of these names is obvious enough in some cases; thus it is a matter for surprise that the term "yellow weed" should be given

to but three plants; so, too, the quaint expression "son before the father"—in allusion to flowers appearing before leaves, or younger flowers overtopping older ones—we find used only five times. It is more remarkable to notice that the word "water-lily" in a rustic mouth may denote one of four flowers, and "cowslip" one of no less than nine; and it is not clear why there should be six kinds of "soldiers," seven of "snake-flower," six of "bear's-foot," and so on. But the converse is still more striking. Thus it will probably be a revelation to most people that, as any reader of the "Dictionary of English Plant Names" can assure himself, the poor little stonecrop has to bear the burden of thirty-three aliases, while there are no less than fifty-five for the blackberry; these numbers are surpassed by the wild rose and the foxglove, both of which have sixty-one synonyms, by the hawthorn with seventy-two, and the early spring orchis (*Orchis mascula*) with eighty. Moreover, there are as many as twenty wild flowers to which the word "star" is applied in some way or another; in respect of "stars," therefore, the music-hall is a bad second to the floral world. That this tends to throw difficulties in the commentator's way goes without saying; Corydon may bind the sheaves with *Thestylys*, but all the time that slow though firmly gripping brain is weaving bonds of another and no less effectual kind.

Firstly, then, to attempt the solution of a mystery handed down from Elizabethan times. In Spenser's sixty-fourth sonnet he praises among his lady's charms

Her snowy brows like budded *belamoures*.

Editor after editor has allowed this word to pass without the faintest effort to get at the poet's meaning; in this respect comparing unfavorably with the worthy hedge-schoolmistress, who at any rate did succeed in making out part of the name by which the graminivorous king of Babylon is known to history, and although she had at length to admit a limit to her capacity, and the pupil was told to "say 'Nezzar,' and let un go," this did not happen until heroic attacks had been delivered upon the awkward array of consonants. But is there so much difficulty in understanding what our word means? One thing may be taken for granted, namely, that the *belamoure* has a white flower; we also know that Spenser, with his ready and rich fancy, was always coining names for his characters expressive of the peculiar trait or traits of each—*Fidessa*, *Duessa*,

Sansfoy, *Sansloy*, and many others will at once occur to readers of his great romance. And now for a possible solution of the problem. He is writing the sonnet, and pauses in search of a rhyme; *he is thinking of the snowdrop*, and being familiar with their language from long residence among country people, the rustic name for snowdrops, "fair maids," is at once suggested; he has already—in the "*Fairy Queen*"—used the word "*belamoure*" with the meaning of a "fair maid;" here is just the rhyme he wants, and in a trice he has forged fetters which have held the commentators of three centuries in hopeless durance. And should it be objected that, although the word may have been come at in the way indicated, there is yet nothing to show why some other flower with an analogous name may not have been meant, then the objector might fairly be asked to give an instance. Having ransacked the "Dictionary of English Plant Names" without finding any good alternative, we do not think much of our friend's chance of success in his quest.

Lear in his madness is presented to us

Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With *hardocks*, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers, etc.

So the third and fourth folios, and, with the slight variant *hardokes*, their two predecessors; the quartos give *hor-docks*; Staunton, Dyce, and other editors alter *hardocks* to *burdocks*. Farmer suggested *harlocks*, quoting a verse from Drayton where mention is made of this flower, which has, however, remained unidentified to the present day; while others, more difficult to please, prefer *charlock*. For ourselves, we are strongly of Dr. Prior's opinion, that the reading of the folios should be left at peace, and that *hardock* is merely a local corruption of *burdock*; indeed in *eddick*, still used by Cheshire folk, we have what is plainly a half-way word.

And can anything but the burdock be meant by the *hediocke* of Lyly's curious play "*A Woman in the Moon*"? He makes Pandora, after befooling all her admirers, say to one of them who has shown even more folly, if that were possible, than the rest:—

Thy head is full of *hediockes*, Iphicles,
I pray you shake them off.

Fairholt's note to this is "*Hediockes*: i.e., Hedgehogs" (!) darkness visible here and no mistake. A writer in *Notes and Queries* some years ago proposed to read *headache*, a country name for poppy flow-

ers, and this reading one might perhaps say something in favor of if only its application could be discovered. It must frankly be admitted, however, that if the burdock be meant, or rather the adhesive fruits or burs of that plant, the application of the word is difficult.

What we are in search of is some such expression as to "have the head full of burs," meaning, when used of some one, that you doubt his possession of a claim to rank with Solomon and other ensamples of wisdom. Is there such a phrase? If so, the liability of a heedless person to get himself covered with burs while mooching along the wayside would naturally give rise to it. Then there is the other word "bur," with the sense of a whirling—Keats's "bur of smothering fancies" at once comes to mind—and if there really be such an expression as the one we allude to the reference may originally have been to this other word, and afterwards, by a confusion of terms, the bur of the burdock would usurp the place of its homonym. And if this be not the explanation of Lyl's phrase—and the similarity of "eddict" to "hediocke" should not be lost sight of—one cannot refrain from doubting whether this ancient crux will ever be unriddled.

Considering now the series of terms, hardock, eddict (and perhaps hediocke too), hordock, burdock, we are met by the fact of the main difference between them being that the changes are rung upon the vowel in the first syllable of each; hence the difficulty felt by some in admitting the identity of the hardock and burdock will perhaps vanish.

We do not much like Tennyson's description of the laburnum as "dropping wells of fire;" this we cannot help thinking untrue to nature, and as such unworthy of so accurate an observer. Popular nomenclature, usually fairly correct in respect of easily noticed facts, may be taken to illustrate our objection. The laburnum is called by rustics *golden-chain*—just as the acacia-tree is the *silver-chain*—also *golden-drops* and *golden-shower*. On the other hand, in the passage from the "May Queen,"—

And the wild marsh-marigold *shines like fire* in
swamps and hollows grey,

the intense vividness of the deep yellow flowers as seen embossed upon their background of dark green leaf is happily hit off; and the popular names *fire o' gold*, and the Scottish *will-fire* (wild fire) show that our peasantry have "found and made a note of" this peculiarity.

Spenser's *astrophel* (or *astrofeli*) we agree with Nares and others, including the authors of the "Dictionary of English Plant Names," in thinking to be the starwort (*Aster Tripolium*), the only English representative of the familiar true asters of our gardens. A passage in a poem eulogistic of Sidney, by a contemporary of Spenser, wherein the *astrophel* is mentioned, is supposed by the authors of the "Dictionary" to point to the speedwell, one of the many "star" flowers. This is, however, an obvious mistake, for the writer describes it as a

floure that is both red and blew;
It first grows red and then to blew doth fade,
And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly form'd as any star in skyes:

That hearbe of some *starlight* is called by
name—

which is incorrect in every particular if the speedwell be meant, but would apply very fairly to the starwort. But we ought not to despair of finding the word "starlight" still in use to denote a flower, and thus of settling this vexed question, unless, indeed, it is all moonshine.

The musk rose of the poets can hardly be the *Rosa moschata*. Keats was very fond of this flower, calling it "the sweetest flower *wild* nature yields," and in one of the sonnets he says it far exceeds the garden rose. We meet with it again in the "Ode to a Nightingale," as—

The coming *musk-rose* full of dewy wine,
The murm'rous haunt of flies on summer
eves—

and he tells us how Cynthia

lay

Sweet as a *musk-rose* upon new-made hay.

It is also among the flowers called for by Milton "to strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies." In these and other cases, it is most likely that the dog-rose is meant.

The cassia of "Comus,"

Nard and *cassia's* balmy smells,

is understood to be the lavender; the passages in Virgil's "Georgics" and "Bucolics" where mention is made of this word bear out the identification, which is one of long standing, dating from before old Gerard's time in fact. On the other hand, Keats's cassia is, without doubt, the so-called acacia-tree (*Robinia Pseudacacia*), for he mentions

the drooping flowers

Of *whitest cassia* fresh from summer showers.
The word seems to have been derived from "acacia" in the same way as "anemone" has become "an emony"—namely, by

mistake of the first syllable for the indefinite article. The cassia alluded to by the laureate in his sonnet "Love and Death"

When turning round a *cassia* full in view
Death . . .

. . . first met his sight —

is apparently the acacia-tree too; it would scarcely be one of the many kinds of true cassia known to the botanist.

It is to be understood that the long purples woven into her coronal by Ophelia are certainly the trusses of *Orchis mascula*. There was always some little doubt about the identification until the term "dead-men's fingers" was discovered as a local designation of this flower. Doubts have also been expressed whether by the "*long purples* of the dale" of Tennyson's fine "Dirge" this flower be intended; but we see no reason why *Orchis mascula* might not be found upon a grassy grave. It certainly cannot be the Northamptonshire long purples, which, as Clare's use of the word shows, is the purple loosestrife—a stream-side plant. The only alternative we can suggest is the musk mallow, formerly much used to decorate graves; though it must be admitted that the phrase "*long purples*" would not be felicitous in this connection.

Ought we to say "tube-rose" or "tuberose"? Some lexicographers allow of a choice, but we hope Dr. Murray will be less compliant. The plant undoubtedly reached this country *viâ* France, where it is known as the *tubéreuse*, the Spanish and Italian equivalent being *tuberosa*; and this name we may conclude was acquired from the tuberous rootstock, and not from any fancied resemblance to the rose—of real resemblance there is none whatever. It may be worth while mentioning here the controversy in the press a few years back between a minor poet, the author of some pretty verses about the tuberose, a name which he treated as a trisyllable, and a critic who arraigned him upon the serious charge of perpetrating a false quantity. The critic, to clinch the matter, quoted the couplet from Shelley's "Sensitive Plant"—

And the jessamine faint and the sweet *tuberosa*,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows.

But, even admitting Shelley's right to sit as judge of appeal in such a cause, a cursory examination of the structure of the poem in question will show that any of the four feet composing the verse may be a trisyllable, and that in some few cases each is an anapæst, for example:—

And when evening descended from heaven
above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all
love.

The critic's quotation is thus indecisive of the matter. But Shelley's verdict is given, and in unmistakable terms, in the "Woodman and the Nightingale:—"—

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness—as a *tuberosa*
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which
lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they
rose.

In fact, the history of this word simply typifies the popular practice of using the second of the two names for a plant—that is, the name of the *species*—without the first term, denoting the *genus*; for instance, people call the scarlet Japanese quince "*japonica*," dropping the first name (*Cydonia*), which denotes that it is a quince, and not one of the many score plants with an equal claim to the title *japonica*; in like fashion *Polygonum tuberosa* becomes "*tuberosa*;" and the statement admits of manifold other instances.

There can be no doubt as to what Poe had in his mind's eye when alluding—in "Al-Aaraaf"—to "the gemmy flower of Trebizond misnamed," for the footnote reference to the intoxicating qualities of the honey made therefrom is proof conclusive to the botanist. This honey has been known for many centuries; all—who indeed has not?—who, with Xenophon for their guide, have taken that memorable journey with the ten thousand, will remember how, when nearing Trebizond and home, the soldiers finding many beehives in the valley proceeded to annex the honey, with the result that they became intoxicated; we are also told how the greater part of the army suffered, the ground about the camp being strewn with bodies, as if a battle had been fought there. The example, we suspect, must have been contagious, just as in the Indian legend the introduction of wine is ascribed to Jamshid's wife, who thought to poison herself with the juice of the grape, but the magical effects induced others to attempt suicide in the same way. Aristotle informs us that the honey deprived those of their senses who ate of it, and cured those who were already mad—a proof this of a lurking belief in homeopathy on the part of the Stagyrite. Dioscorides speaks of two plants as yielding intoxicating honey; one, from which a more limpid kind was obtained, he calls *ægolethron*; and he refers to the second

as rhododendros — *i.e.*, the oleander. But the old French traveller Tournefort acquitted the oleander of the charge, and showed that two closely related plants are responsible for the mischief. These are a rhododendron (*R. ponticum*), now commonly cultivated in gardens, and the yellow azalea (*A. pontica*), the species which produces those delicate trusses so common in flower shops during springtime. Tournefort called both these plants *Chamærhododendros* — *i.e.*, false oleander — in allusion to the mistake of Dioscorides, a mistake which obviously led Poe to speak of his flower as "misnamed."

Who knows the eglamor? Readers of Browning will remember his description of the flower with which, we are told, was linked the name of Sordello's beaten competitor: —

A plant they have yielding a three-leaved bell
Which whitens at the heart ere noon, and ails
Till evening; evening gives it to her gales
To clear away with such forgotten things
As are an eyesore to the morn: this brings
Him to their mind, and bears his very name.

To all requests for information about this plant we have been compelled to return a *non possumus*; neither has it yet been our good fortune to meet some one better posted up than ourselves. What is certain is that among the several thousand Italian plant names in the Contessa di San Giorgio's "Catalogo Polyglotto" there is none at all like "eglamor." But when one recalls how they did *not* bring the good news from Ghent to Aix, can the charge of unjustified scepticism be laid to one's door if the suggestion be mooted that the flower is no less mythical than is the gallop of Dirk and his friends?

And has Milton in "Comus" served us in the same way, with that stumbling-block of the commentators, *hæmony*? By the general voice the question is answered in the affirmative. Thus Professor Masson: "Milton invents this name for the prickly, darkish-leaved plant of his fancy;" and again, "It has been suggested that the reference is to *Hæmonia*, as the old name for Thessaly, an especial land of magic among the Greeks." Looking at the description with a botanist's eye one cannot but suspect this idea to be correct. The plant is so common, we are told, that "the dull swain treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;" and yet it does not flower in this climate — failure which would render it liable to rapid extinction by its more highly favored rivals. Nevertheless the agrimony, which was some years ago said to be still sold in Bristol

market under the name of *hæmony*, has been suggested; but, inasmuch as the agrimony flowers freely and has not prickly leaves, the suggestion may be summarily dismissed. One may allude in passing to the Christian symbolism as would seem *read into* Milton's lines by Coleridge in one of the "Lay Sermons" — symbolism springing from and buttressed by the supposed derivation of the word *hæmony* from *alpa* and *olive*.

Some misconception seems to have existed as regards Milton's choice of flowers for the imaginary obsequies of Lycidas. Professor Masson says: "It is the call upon all the valleys of the landscape, and the banks of all the secret streamlets, to yield up their choicest flowers, and those dearest to shepherds, that they may be strewn over the dead body;" and in the notes to the poem he speaks of the flowers as being "of selected hues." Selected hues? — why, the whole spectrum is represented here! But let us have the passage with all its lovely music: —

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with
jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

No! The flowers are selected not for their *hues*, but for their *fragrance* — a great point with all nations that make funereal use of flowers — and not only for their fragrance, but for their symbolism as well. Thus the primrose and the crow-toe (*i.e.*, hyacinth) have long been associated with death — the primrose especially with early death; and in the East the jessamine is still planted upon tombs. As for the pink, we know that in Wales, where floral decoration of the grave has never passed out of custom, this flower is frequently employed. Moreover, the pansy and the violet, as symbolical of remembrance and faithfulness, are touchingly in place, and, with its meaning of constancy in love, the woodbine also; while the rose, by a common and widely extended practice strewn over and planted upon graves, may be looked upon as pre-eminently the flower of the dead. We know not of any funereal symbolism associated with either the cowslip or the daffodil. Perhaps the cowslip, on account of

its similarity to the primrose, may formerly have done duty for it at a funeral; but the more obvious application is to be found in the supposed sadness of the nodding flowers, while the corona of the daffodil suggests a receptacle for the tears shed in memory of the departed.

SPENCER MOORE.

From The Leisure Hour.

REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

WHAT were known as the "Rebecca riots" took place in South Wales about fifty years ago, and form a curious and exciting chapter in the history of that portion of the principality.

Far beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant the people there had been going on in a quiet way, attracting little notice and giving no trouble. All of a sudden, however, they developed into moonlighters, running wild between supper and breakfast time, taking the law into their own hands, and demolishing public property in a wholesale fashion.

There was a good deal that was comic about their proceedings, and the impression made on the rest of Great Britain was much what would be produced in ourselves if some of our decorous friends were, without any preliminary intimation, to take to playing the part of clowns and mountebanks. The rioters at first were almost frolicsome, and if peaceful districts were turned upside down it was done with such good-humor that outsiders felt more inclined to laugh than regard it seriously.

Those who took an active part were invariably headed by a man dressed in woman's clothes, who went by the name of Miss Rebecca. The costume might have been assumed because it made a good disguise, but ill-natured people were not wanting who held it to be a concession to the popular notion that there is a woman at the bottom of every mischief. Many of those who accompanied Rebecca were disguised in the same fashion, so that they looked like a family party, and came, naturally enough, to be known as "Rebecca and her daughters."

The first cause of all the disturbance was toll-gates. These were objects of Rebecca's hatred, and to pull them down and smash them in pieces was the end of her midnight expeditions. She got her name, indeed, through this destructive occupation. They called her Rebecca in allusion to Genesis xxiv. 60: "And they

blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, . . . and let thy seed *possess the gate* of those which hate them."

It was no imaginary grievance. The tolls then levied in South Wales constituted an unfair and intolerable burden. Every town and almost every village was approached by a gate, the road trusts of South Wales being eager to lay hands on money, for through bad management they were, without exception, deep in debt.

The people lived in a perfect network of toll-gates and bars, and going even a few miles meant sometimes a heavy expense. Farmers and dealers making their way to fair or market, not unfrequently found by the end of their journey that they had paid away in tolls more than the value of their load. One man trading in the neighborhood of Merthyr Tydvil told that he had four turnpike gates to pass through within six miles.

There were five different trusts leading into the town of Carmarthen, and it was stated by the clerk of one of these, that any person passing through the town in a particular direction would have to pay at three turnpike gates in a distance of three miles. This might not seem objectionable to a man driving to see his sweetheart, but no one can wonder at hard-working people in pursuit of business finding it a hardship. It was all the worse because times were bad and the greater number of those using the roads had little capital to boast of except their own industry.

Who first suggested making war on these gates is unknown. The first act in the campaign occurred in the summer of 1839. Four gates had been erected in a trust called the Whitland Trust, on the borders of Pembroke and Carmarthen, and it was generally held that the erection was illegal. It might have been so, but the trustees had large powers, and in Carmarthenshire at least they would have been within their rights had they established a gate and demanded toll at intervals of a hundred yards each throughout the county.

The gates had not been up a week when the country people assembled one fine evening about six o'clock and pulled them down "amidst all sorts of noise and disturbance and great jollity." The fun of the thing seems to have been considerable, and the rioters made no attempt at concealment. No one interfered with them, and when the gates were demolished they dispersed quietly to their homes.

The trustees resolved to re-erect the gates, but a number of noblemen and gentlemen of the county who sympathized

with the people qualified as trustees, and by their votes overturned this decision. Peace was now secured for a time, but the enemies of toll-gates felt they had scored a victory, and laid their heads together to plan destruction on a grand scale.

The plot took some time in hatching, and nothing happened till the early part of 1843. Rebecca then began operations with a large following, well mounted and sometimes armed.

The demolition of gates began in Carmarthenshire, and the infection quickly spread, extending first to the neighboring counties of Pembroke and Cardigan, and then to Radnorshire and Glamorganshire. The only one of the south Welsh counties that escaped the influence of Rebecca was Brecknock.

Gate after gate disappeared before the axe and hatchet. In what was known as the Three Commons Trust in Carmarthenshire there were twenty-one gates and bars, and all were made an end of but two. In many other trusts the damage done was on the same scale; some had not even a single gate left standing. When the outbreak began there were in the county of Carmarthen alone between a hundred and a hundred and fifty gates. Of these between seventy and eighty were soon swept away.

The method adopted was a rough-and-ready one, and as cheerful as Rebecca and her lively family could make it. The toll-collector and his family, all snug in bed, are awakened about midnight by a clattering of horses' hoofs outside. Then half-a-dozen horns blow a blast, and a thundering knock comes to the door.

The collector, knowing too well that it announces the end of his occupation, looks out, and by the light of the moon sees a considerable troop of horsemen. There are a few men on foot, but the greater number are mounted. One dressed as a woman seems to be taking the lead—that is Rebecca. About her is a bodyguard, with shirts over their clothes and faces blackened, and wearing bonnets or the tall hats of their Welsh wives.

The door being opened, they assure the inmates that they mean no personal harm, Rebecca making war not against people, but against toll-bars. "Get out your furniture," says that mysterious commander, "and then be off with you!"

They set to work to remove the furniture, Rebecca's troop meanwhile devoting attention to the gates. The strong oak posts are sawn off close to the ground, and then with hatchets and handbills the gates themselves are broken in fragments.

Tables, chairs, beds, and bedding are soon piled up by the wayside, after which the word of command is given, and willing hands begin the destruction of the house, and never leave off till nothing remains but a dusty heap of bricks, laths, and plaster.

Their work ended, they make the gate-keeper kneel down and swear never again to earn a living by collecting tolls on the queen's highway. They mount their horses, there is a triumphal performance on the horns and off they gallop, leaving the *débris* of the toll-gates and toll-house littering the road, and the collector, with his wife and children, watching over their "bits o' sticks" and wondering whether the whole affair is not a dream.

Who the destroyers of gates were and whence they came no one knew, and whither they went when their work was done no one knew either. They left no trace any more than if they had been spirits of the air and their leader the queen of ghosts and shadows. The country day by day, after their midnight pranks, was as quiet as one could wish it to be. It was evident that they were well organized and disciplined, and fully aware of the importance of keeping their own counsel.

Many guesses were hazarded on the subject of Rebecca. Some said she was a "disappointed provincial barrister"—an improbable solution of the mystery. Others would have it that she was a political agitator, bent on making the abolition of tolls the seventh point in the Chartist programme, and "dark hints were dropped and mysterious stories told of strangers seen here and there, and men in gigs, of suspicious appearance and without ostensible business, who were, beyond all doubt, connected with the movement."

"But," says a contemporary writer, "the supposed sole chief and director of the campaign must have been gifted with ubiquity, for Rebecca was in three or four counties at the same moment,—

Methinks there be *two* Richmonds in the field!

With one hand she smote an obnoxious toll-gate in Radnorshire, and with the other she cleared a free passage for the traveller to the wild coast of Pembroke."

The probability is that each district had its own Rebecca, who planned the various enterprises, and was recognized as chief by the rest of the band. Whether the districts worked independently, or had a common centre of action, is uncertain.

The forces of Rebecca for a while had pretty much their own way; indeed, the contest with the authorities was a very

unequal one. Of all the counties affected, only Glamorganshire at that time possessed any paid constabulary, or any force that could be of service.

When a gate had been pulled down it was labor thrown away to re-erect it, for Rebecca was sure to pay another visit and level it to the ground again. One gate was destroyed five times in succession.

Finding that restoring gates, rebuilding houses, and offering large rewards for the apprehension of the rioters failed to produce any satisfactory result, the trustees lost heart. Roads were left free of toll, and people went to and fro without having any longer to put their hands in their pockets every two or three miles.

This was a popular triumph, and brought to a close the first act in the comedy of Rebecca.

The appetite for agitation grew by what it fed on. One subject for discontent suggested another, and so on, till many of the imaginative natives of South Wales began to consider themselves the most ill-used people under the sun.

The cry of down with toll-bars had added to it down with a dozen other grievances. For the discussion of these, meetings were held on hillsides, by mountain streams, and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. They were attended chiefly by small farmers, an industrious and thrifty class but almost entirely without education, and incapable of estimating at their true value any assertions that might be made to them.

Amongst the subjects of complaint were the operation of the Poor Law Amendment Act, the cost and difficulty of recovering small debts, and the payment of tithes. Then Englishmen in office in South Wales were objected to, so were high rents, so were increased county rates, so were fees paid to magistrates' clerks in the administration of justice—in short, Rebecca was called upon to deal with everything inconvenient and unpopular.

Their growing confidence and excellent spirits now induced Rebecca and her daughters to vary their midnight exploits by showing what they could do by the light of day. A demonstration was planned for the 10th of June, and the scene of it was to be the ancient town of Carmarthen.

About noon on that day a large body of rioters was seen approaching Water Street gate from the country beyond. Fear multiplied their numbers, and the news ran like wildfire through Carmarthen that there were thousands of them. A band of

music came first, thundering forth the warlike strains of "The Men of Harlech." Next came Rebecca's regiment of infantry, an irregular host, in which some bore inflammatory placards, and others cudgels, saws, axes, and hatchets, whilst a few carried brooms to let people know how they intended to sweep away every sort of grievance. After these rode Miss Rebecca, and the rear was brought up by about three hundred farmers on horseback.

At Water Street Gate they met with no obstacle; the gate, in fact, had been cleared out of the way by them some time before. They swarmed up the narrow, steep streets, gathering in numbers as they went. All the loafers joined them, so did all the mischievous and all the discontented of the town. Scores of women, too, fell into the ranks.

When they reached the Guildhall the magistrates were there consulting as to what steps should be taken for the public safety. The mob hooted at them and then turned away to execute the main business that had brought them together. That was the destruction of the Union Workhouse.

They found the lodge-gate and porter's door of the unpopular edifice securely fastened, and there was a high wall running right round the building. A few of the more nimble climbed the wall, got possession of the keys, and let in the rest. As they did so the clangor of the alarm bell, tugged at by the governor of the workhouse, was added to the martial music of their own band. The horsemen rode into the yard, whilst the rioters on foot entered the building and began pulling down doors and partitions and throwing beds out of the windows.

But they were not going to get it all their own way for long. Information of the intended rising had been obtained by the authorities some days before, and in consequence a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons had been ordered to march to Carmarthen from Cardiff.

The morning of the tenth saw them on the road. Just after passing through Neath, thirty-six miles from their destination, an express met them with an entreaty to make haste, for the demonstration had been fixed for that very day. They pushed on, riding the last fifteen miles in an hour and a half. Two horses fell dead from fatigue just as they entered Carmarthen.

The rioters were warming to their work when the dragoons arrived. With the dragoons came a magistrate, who pulled

out the Riot Act, and charged all present "immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business."

Rebecca's children made answer by a rush on the soldiers. But they got the worst of it. The dragoons charged, using the flat of their swords, and the rioters soon took to their heels, many who were in the courtyard finding it wise to escape over the wall. About a hundred were taken prisoners, and amongst the spoils were several horses abandoned by their riders. Some of the prisoners were afterwards tried and convicted.

Ill-disposed and designing people now got the upper hand in the councils of Rebecca, and the movement, as every lawless movement is sure to do, went from bad to worse. Under pretence of exposing public wrongs, those who had any private grievances contrived to gratify their spite. Every man who had fallen out with his neighbor and wished to do him an ill turn had now an opportunity.

Letters signed "Rebecca," or "Becca," or "Rebecca and her Daughters," began flying about, conveying hints of vengeance to those who refused to comply with the demands of the writers. They were directed to tithe-owners, turnpike commissioners, toll collectors, magistrates, landlords, and all who for any reason had incurred popular displeasure.

The vice-lieutenant of Carmarthenshire, for example, was informed that a grave had been dug for him in the park of his father, Lord Dynevor, and that he would be laid in it before a day named. To the vicar of two small rural parishes on the coast of Cardiganshire, Rebecca sent word that if he did not make restitution of a sum he had unjustly received he would soon find the balance on the wrong side.

"Unless you give back the money," she wrote, "I, with five hundred or six hundred of my daughters, will come and visit you and destroy your property five times to the value of it, and make you a scorn and reproach throughout the whole neighborhood."

This clergyman states that his existence was rendered miserable by the letters he received, and that it had nearly killed his wife. "We never," he says, "go to bed without having a wardrobe moved to the window as a protection against firearms."

Besides firing shots in at windows, the discontented followers of Rebecca embarked in incendiarism and set many a haystack in a blaze. One farmer in Car-

marthenshire had five fires in one week; in addition to having a horse shot and agricultural machinery broken and thrown into a pit.

They took to dictating to landlords the terms on which they were to let ground to tenants, and to tenants the terms on which they were to rent ground from landlords. The leaders, too, began to levy blackmail on farmers who took part in the riots. A note would come: "You must send such and such a contribution to Rebecca on such a night," and the farmer who declined knew what to expect.

The humor of Rebecca was at an end. From being a humorist she had become a tyrant. Even the destruction of toll-gates lost its grotesque side and grew to be little else than a matter of ruffianism. Previously, the gate-keepers had been very leniently dealt with, no attempt, except in rare instances, being made either to injure them or to destroy or plunder their property. Now, however, they had a bad time of it, for when a gate was demolished a beating for the man who had kept it came to be the customary termination of the proceedings.

An encounter marked by some ugly features took place at a gate on the borders of Glamorganshire and Carmarthenshire. Something was suspected, and eight policemen had been told off to hide in a neighboring field.

About midnight the forces of Rebecca, including a hundred horsemen, made an attack on the gate. It was soon in pieces, but before the work of destruction was finished the eight constables jumped over the hedge and rushed forward, hoping to secure the ringleaders.

The rioters at once discharged a volley. The police in turn drew their pistols and fired, wounding several and killing the horse of the captain of the gang.

A tough fight followed, ending in Rebecca's men running off. Six prisoners were left in the clutches of the police, two of them severely wounded. One of these prisoners was a young farmer, who on being tried was sentenced to transportation for life.

A still more unfortunate incident happened at a gate between Llanelly, in Carmarthenshire, and Pontardulais. It was kept by an old woman—she was over seventy years of age. Numerous letters had been received by her to the effect that if she did not leave the gate her house would be burned over her head; but she took no notice of them, and stuck to her post.

About three o'clock one Sunday morning she awoke to find that the threat was being put in execution — the thatch of her dwelling was in a blaze. She jumped out of bed and ran to a cottage close by, calling on the inmates for help to put out the fire. They, however, would do nothing — for fear, they said, of Rebecca's vengeance.

The old woman hastened home to save what little she could of her humble furniture, but had hardly reached the door when a shot struck her, fired apparently by one of the band who had set a light to the thatch. She died within a few minutes.

It was asserted afterwards — but the evidence is not conclusive — that the fatal shot was "the random act of a lad who accompanied the party, and was fired without any previous or deliberate intention to take her life." What is certain is, that this was the first life sacrificed in Rebecca's raids.

Quiet people began to feel uncomfortable, for there was no saying what might happen next. Government was appealed to and urged to do something by way of restoring order. As a first step in that direction troops were sent down to South Wales, and the command of the disturbed districts was entrusted to an officer of experience.

Soldiers were now quartered in the neighborhood of every remaining toll-gate; they gave protection to those who had excited popular ill-will, and kept an eye on all suspected persons. Select companies of London police also appeared on the scene, and were dotted about in villages and hamlets.

This brought to a close some of the more objectionable doings of Rebecca, but did not end her crusade against toll-bars. She and her daughters knew the country a great deal better than those who had been sent to circumvent them, and under cover of night could swoop down on a gate and demolish both it and the collector's dwelling, without a single soldier or policeman in the vicinity being aware of their goings on.

The military and police were not even wise after the event, for the sympathies of the country people, not to speak of their interests, being with Rebecca, one and all when questioned assumed an impenetrable air of ignorance and reserve. The incomers too were sadly hampered in their inquiries by not knowing a word of Welsh. Occasionally, Rebecca, by way of a joke, would circulate false reports, and troopers

would be sent in hot haste over hill and dale to protect gates that were in no danger, finding on their return that the real point of attack had been at the other end of the district.

The restoration of order was greatly helped by the appointment of a government commission of inquiry, whose business it was to investigate on the spot the various grievances of the natives of South Wales.

This commission began its sittings in Carmarthen on the 25th of October, and in the beginning of the following year issued a report, which, by its temperate statement of the hardship of the toll-gate, secured the passing of an act known as the South Wales Turnpike Act, its chief provision being that no gate should be erected within seven miles of another unless they freed each other. This satisfied most people. Rebecca and her daughters retired into private life, and the lively chapter they had contributed to the history of the principality came to a close.

JAMES MASON.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.
PERSIA UNDER THE PRESENT SHAH.
BY A PERSIAN MINISTER.

PERSIA is the home of probably the most ancient culture which the world possesses. Its language is synonymous with refinement throughout all Muhammadan countries, whether Sunni or Shiah. Its manufactures are still the admiration of *connoisseurs*; but it is the special merit of the present shah to have combined European modern requirements and civilization with the existing ancient basis, so as to strengthen and improve *both*. With the permission of your readers, I will refer to those instances of recent reform or of his Majesty's foresightedness, that may be more or less unknown to the general public, after first quoting a reference to literary Persian from Dr. Leitner's "History of Indigenous Oriental Education:" —

"The ease and elegance of Persian conquered most of the courts and offices of Asia, just as French was long the universal language of diplomatists and gentlemen in Europe. Its directness and absence of synthesis also, like French, encouraged the spread of popular scepticism in letters, morality, religion, and politics; and Persian was the graceful garb in which the gay and the grave clothed falsehood or truth with impunity from a flippant world

It made a man a gentleman, with a delightful *souçon* of being also a scholar, than which nothing was, as a rule, more undeserved. For Persian, like English, one of the most analytical of languages, soon competed in public estimation with the true scholarship of Arabic, from which it pirated with a charming candor that invited forgiveness. It then became the link between the man of letters and 'the man of the world,' till at last, whoever wished to write for a larger public, wrote in Persian. The graver studies were left to Arabic; but it was agreed that no one could become a good Persian scholar without knowing, at any rate, the elements of the classical language of Muhammadanism. An Urdu poet, who knows Persian, still prefers the latter as the vehicle of his thoughts, partly because it is easier, and partly, perhaps, also because he can command an admiring public, each member of which likes to be suspected of at least, understanding Persian."

Whilst, however, the language of gentlemen of the East can never die, the country of its culture was about to perish.

Those acquainted with the history of modern Persia are well aware that, previous to the advent to the throne of the reigning shah, the kingdom had fallen by degrees into a deplorable condition, and the authorities had lost much of their influence; but since the accession of Nasr-ud-din Shah, the sun of Persia has again been in the ascendant, and the rays of European reform are casting their light across our ancient civilization.

To refer only to material improvements at present. Before the advent of his Majesty, Teheran, the capital of Persia, was a neglected town of barely one hundred thousand inhabitants. To his beneficence is due the increasing grandeur of the city, which can vie with some of the largest in Europe, as regards extent, organization, and a population already amounting to over three hundred thousand. Its public walks are second only to the Champs Elysées. Trees of luxuriant foliage and courses of limpid water line the roads; the boulevards are well paved and, with the streets, are clean and bright. Handsome public edifices and fine private houses have been and are being erected, whilst excellent carriage roads lead to the country residences and villas that are multiplying in every direction in the richly planted neighborhood. So complete is the change in the general appearance of Teheran, that visitors of ten or twenty years ago would be amazed at the

remarkable improvements that have been effected.

During the late reign, the military forces of Persia amounted to scarcely fifty thousand men. To-day, the effective army, which is steadily increasing, is of an entirely distinct character from its former type. The discipline, military exercises, and military law, are similar in every respect to those in Europe; and as efficient horsemen, the Cossacks of Persia may be said to equal any cavalry in the world. When it is considered that the perfection arrived at in Europe in civil and military control, is the outcome of many centuries of hard-won experience, it will be conceded how apparently impossible was the task for Persia to attain to a similar standard in a quarter of a century. Yet she should certainly be congratulated upon having made, during that comparatively short period, extraordinary strides in the direction of advancement and of material prosperity.

It is a fact, that when Nasr-ud-din Shah ascended the throne, such words as "bank, telegraph, gas, post-office, railway, tramway," etc., were unknown in Persia; there was no such special office as "the ministry for foreign affairs;" newspapers had no existence; and the words "concession" and "company," etc., had no signification. They exist now. Persia further continues to keep up her ancient reputation for the manufacture of arms, which is now being extensively developed on modern lines.

The reigning shah has been the first sovereign to form a regular ministry on the European plan, and to nominate ambassadors to foreign courts. His Majesty is indeed deserving of the highest admiration, in view of the fact that all ameliorations in the various departments of the State, whether civil or military, are due to his own initiative and persevering efforts.

His Majesty's first care, on assuming supreme power, was to encourage intercourse between his people and Europeans of all nations. He toiled hard to introduce into Persia that Western civilization which has been attained in Europe only after the wars, trials, and bloodshed of centuries. He commenced by sending to Paris, at the charge of the State, forty youths of noble birth, and he then despatched his representatives, ministers and consuls, to the different States of Europe, receiving with great cordiality and distinction the foreign representatives accredited to his court. The way being thus opened for negotiating treaties of commerce, trade soon became stimulated, and

with such success, that in due course a representative from the United States of America made his appearance at Teheran.

Sensible of the needs of Persia and of the inefficiency of his government, as regarded the requirements of the age, the shah determined upon throwing open the country and imbuing it with fresh life and vigor, by affording every facility to the great ones of the land for making themselves acquainted with what was passing in other parts of the globe, thus enabling them to recognize their own shortcomings. For this reason he undertook three journeys to Europe, at much personal inconvenience and expense, taking with him upon each occasion several of the high officers of State—a sound policy, productive of the latest improvements in the different branches of administration.

The following abstract from the last "Statesman's Year-book" further illustrates the progress that has been made:—

Formerly the executive Government was carried on, under the Shah, by the Grand Wazir and the Lord Treasurer; now there are eleven Ministers presiding over their respective Departments. There is a large number of schools or colleges, called Medresehs, supported by public funds, in which religion, and Persian and Arabic Literature, as also science from an indigenous standpoint, are taught; European languages and modern science being taught in the Polytechnic opened in Teheran forty years ago. Before the reign of the present Shah, the total income of the Persian Government, in cash and kind, amounted to 34 million kranas (a kran was then worth nearly thirteen pence); including even the fall of silver to 7*d.*, the revenues of Persia are now much higher, being about 58 million kranas. There is a navy of two war-steamers, in addition to an army of 108,000. The exports of Persia to the United Kingdom have risen from £78,501 to £169,751 in 1889. The Shah granted in 1889 a concession to Baron Julius de Reuter for an "Imperial Bank of Persia," with its head office at Teheran and branches in the chief cities. Its mining rights are now ceded to the Persian Bank Mining Rights Corporation in April, 1890. A small railway from Teheran to Shah Abdulazim (six miles) was opened in July, 1888, by a Belgian Company. Another from Mahmudabad on the Caspian to Barfurush and Amol (twenty miles), is under construction by a Persian merchant. The Persian telegraphs have 3,824 miles of line and 82 stations. An Austrian in Persian employ opened the first regular postal service in 1877, which conveys mails regularly to and from the principal cities in Persia. There is a service twice a week to Europe *via* Resht, and Tiflis *via* Russia, and a weekly service to India *via* Bushire.

From Good Words.

THE BRIDGE OF THE HUNDRED SPANS.

WHAT will Van Horne say? Well, he'll fret
Just for the sake of appearance, yet
He has a heart like a church; men smile
When an oath goes rattling down that aisle.
One hand holds to the C. P. R.
Tight as the brake on a Pullman car;
The other one then goes feeling out
Where all that is manly stands about.
"No dismissals this time," he'll say,
"It is April Jury's wedding day."

A train three hours behind her time
Stands in the eyes of the world, a crime;
A railway train that never comes in
Is worse, I think, in the way of sin;
And when it lies in a rocky cleft,
With not one soul that it carried, left,
With not one living to tell the tale
Of a broken bridge or a misplaced rail,
It has a look to the world, I swear,
Not like that sound one standing there.

Once I saw in the Ottertail Hills,
On a spot where a mountain torrent spills
A hundred streams in a dark abyss
Walled by an adamant precipice,
A thousand cattle go over and down
With a mad, wild rush, and a fiery moan:
Lost in the rage of a hot stampede,
Hurled into night with the devil's speed;
And when the last one went I stood
Mad, with their madness in my blood;
Longing, I knew not why, to make
The dreadful leap that I saw them take.

Almost human, they seemed to me,
Crowding there to eternity.
What had it been if a railway train,
Loaded with muscle, and life, and brain,
Had made that spring into empty space,
Made that blind stride in its headlong race?
Think then of April Jury's deed,
Think of the hearts that till now would bleed
If the girl from the western cattle-ranche
Had not defeated an avalanche.

Watch as you may, old Nature has
Her way sometimes in a mountain pass;
And what she works for with forehead bent
Needs the Almighty to circumvent;
With an April Jury there maybe
To stop the run of a tragedy;
And just on the edge of a last, sad scene
To be God's merciful go-between.

It was the time that the Long Divide
Blooms and glows like an hour-old bride;
It was the days when the cattle come
Back from their winter wand'rings home;
Time when the Kicking Horse shows its teeth,
Snarls and foams with a demon's breath;
When the sun with a million levers lifts
Abodes of snow from the rocky rifts;
When the line-man's eyes, like the lynx's, scans
The lofty Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

Round a curve, down a sharp incline,
If the red-eyed lantern made no sign,

Swept the train, and upon the bridge
That binds a canyon from ridge to ridge:
"Watch now, mind you; neglect will stay
An unwashed crime till your dying day,
And purgatories cannot efface
The sinner's sin nor his black disgrace;"
"Watch then, mind you," Van Horne had
said;
"Mountain, bridge, and the long snow-shed:
Your altar, the Bridge of the Hundred Spans,
And you, priest; acolytes; sacristans."
And a prayer the president then let slip,
With the fast express on her trial trip;
The kind of prayer that a big hussar
Lets go when he cuts at the arms of war.

Never a watchman like old Carew;
Knew his duty, and did it, too;
Good at scouting when scouting paid,
Saved a post from an Indian raid—
Trapper, miner, and mountain guide,
Less one arm in a lumber slide;
Walked the line like a panther's guard,
Like a movarick penned in a branding-yard.
"Right as rain," said the engineers,
"With the old man working his eyes and
ears."

"Safe with Carew on the mountain wall,"
Was how they put it, in Montreal.
Right and safe was it East and West
Till a demon rose on the mountain crest,
And drove at its shoulders angry spears,
That it rose from its sleep of a thousand
years,
That its heaving breast broke free the cords
Of imprisoned snow as with flaming swords;
And like a star from its frozen height,
An avalanche leaped one Spring-tide night;
Leaped with a power not God's or man's
To smite the Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

It smote two score of the spans; it slew
With its icy squadrons old Carew.
Asleep he lay in his snow-bound grave
While the train drew on that he could not
save;
It would drop doom-deep through the trap of
death,
From the light above, to the dark beneath,
And town and village both far and near,
Would mourn the tragedy ended here.

One more hap in a hapless World,
One more wreck where the Tide is swirled,
One more heap in a Waste of Sand,
One more clasp of a palsied Hand,
One more cry to a soundless Word,
One more flight of a wingless Bird;
The ceaseless Falling, the countless Groan,
The waft of a Leaf and the fall of a Stone;
Ever the cry that a Hand will save,
Ever the End in a fast-closed Grave;
Ever and ever the useless prayer,
Beating the walls of a mute Despair.
Doom, all doom—nay then, *not* all doom!
Rises a hope from the fast-closed tomb.
Write not "Lost," with its grinding bans,
On life, or the Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

See on the canyon's western ridge,
There stands a girl! She beholds the bridge
Smitten and broken; she sees the need
For a warning swift, and a daring deed,
All lost! They lie who thus write the page
Of life with the fears of a whining Age;
For Death is neither the worst nor best,
The gaping deep nor the mountain crest.
The blade that falls in the rush of war
Is better than moans on a tideless bar.
Life to the hilt, and the hilt afire—
This keeps alight the Immortal Pyre.
See then the act of a simple girl;
Learn from it, thinker, and priest, and churl!
See her, the lantern between her teeth,
Crossing the quivering trap of death!
Hand over hand on a swaying rail,
Sharp in her ears and her heart the wail
Of a hundred lives; and she has no fear,
Save that her prayer be not granted her.
Cold is the snow on the rail, and chill
The wind that comes from the frozen hill;
Her hair blows free and her eyes are full
Of the look that makes heaven merciful—
Merciful, ah, God! Quick, shut your eyes,
Lest you wish to see how a brave girl dies!
Dies! Dies! Not yet; for her firm hands
clasped

The solid bridge, as the breach out-gasped,
And the rail that held her downward swept,
Where old Carew in his snow-grave slept.

Now up and over the steep incline,
She speeds with the red light for a sign;
She hears the cry of the coming train;
It trembles like lance-heads through her
brain;

And round the curve, with a foot as fleet
As a sinner's that flees from the Judgment
seat,

She flies; and the signal swings, and then
She knows no more: but the engine-men
Lifted her, bore her, where women brought
The flush to her cheek, and with kisses caught
The warm breath back to her pallid lips,
The life from lives that were near eclipse;
Blessed her, and praised her, and begged her
name

That all of their kindred should know her
fame;

Should do her honor, and hold her dear
As a saint in a chapel's atmosphere;
Should tell how a girl from a cattle-ranche
That night defeated an avalanche.

Where is the wonder the engineer
Of the train she saved, in half a year
Had wooed her and won her? And here
they are

For their homeward trip in a parlor car!
Which goes to show that old Nature's plans
Were wrecked with the Bridge of the Hun-
dred Spans.

"Express train loafing at Medicine Hat,"
Will be sent down; you can count on that.
But "No dismissals," Van Horne will say.
"It is April Jury's wedding day."

GILBERT PARKER.